

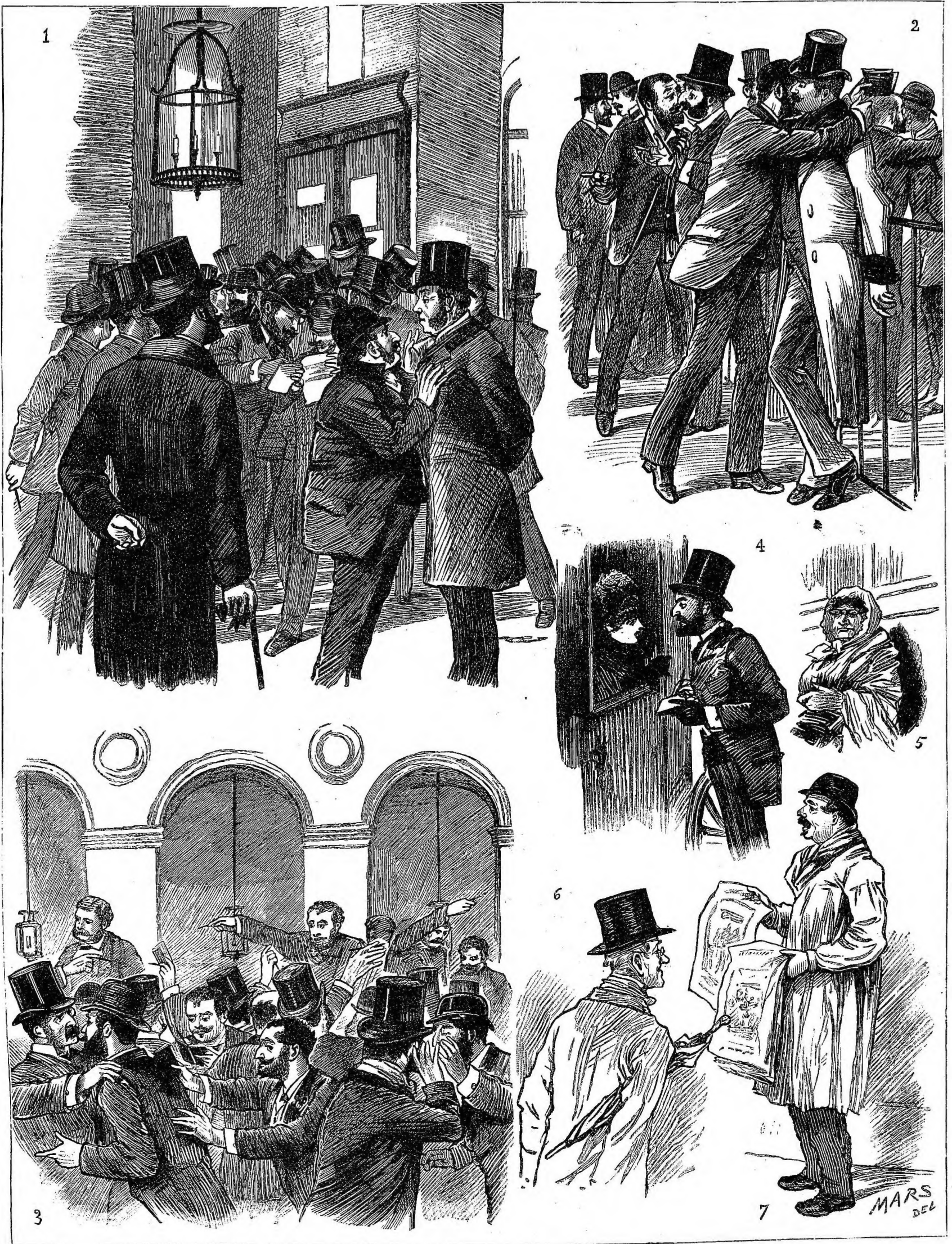
# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1882

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1. Arrival of the First Quotations for English Consols from the London Stock Exchange.—2. Brokers in the Inner Circle: "A Confidential Communication."—3. Buyers for Ready Money.—4. A Lady Speculator.—5. An Outside "Boursicotière."—6. A Speculator from the Country.—7. The Newspaper Seller, the only Speculator who Runs no Risk.

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS IN FRANCE—CHARACTER SKETCHES AT THE PARIS BOURSE, BY "MARS"



## Topics of the Week

**THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.**—A Queen's Speech partakes rather of the nature of a solemn sham. In spite of its name, it is not composed by the Sovereign, nor, for a long time past, has it been delivered by the Sovereign. In point of style and composition it has certainly somewhat improved since the days when Cobbett used to dig from it "awful examples" of faulty grammar and slipshod construction. But, on the other hand, its platitudinarian paragraphs have ceased to inspire the lively curiosity which they formerly excited. Not so very long ago, except to an initiated few, the Queen's Speech was a secret up to the moment of its publication. Now, however, the secret has become such an open one that the subject-matter of the Speech, though not its exact words, is published in all the newspapers a day in advance of the actual delivery. We do not usually advocate what is known as the "Americanisation" of our institutions, but in this matter a useful hint might be borrowed from the practice of our Transatlantic cousins. The Queen's Speech is a survival from an obsolete condition of things, and is year by year becoming more and more of a sham. Would it not be well if our Cabinet Ministers, instead of making, as most of them do, just before the Session begins, a series of platform orations, more or less windy, verbose, and full of claptrap, were to issue a grave, carefully-considered document, allowing space for argument and detail, informing Parliament of their course of action during the recess when they were practically in possession of despotic power, and setting forth their intended policy during the ensuing Session? A Message of this sort would be far more dignified and far more consonant with modern usage than the dull meagre effusion which is conventionally supposed to embody the choicest utterances of Royalty.

**WHAT WAS IN IT?**—Not very much, and some of that little rather misleading. Reading these humdrum paragraphs one would imagine that we were in the midst of a political anti-cyclone. There is a contradiction between the Speech and the reality. The barometer stands at Set Fair, and yet there is a hurricane howling outside. No one, for instance, would gather how critical is our position in Egypt, where we are bound to an ally of whom we heartily wish we were quit, and where we run imminent risk of provoking the jealousy of all the other Powers. Then a delicate rose-tint is thrown over recent transactions in Afghanistan. Not a word about "scuttling," not a word about the massacres which Abdul Rahman, the man of our choice, has lately been perpetrating. After this we have a little paragraph about the farmers, congratulating them on the mildness of the winter. At first sight, this looks like a bit of mock sympathy, for a mild winter affords no certain promise of what is far more important to British agriculturists, namely, a sunshiny summer, but we fully acquit the Government of any such intention, since a little further we find them promising a readjustment of local taxation, which, if equitably carried out, will be an especial boon both to owners and tenants of land. The passages referring to Ireland have probably been more eagerly scanned than any other part of the Speech. Concerning the condition of Ireland the Executive Government possesses a fund of information to which no one else can pretend, and when, therefore, the Queen is made to say that she sees signs of improvement, we hope the statement is well-founded, although not forgetting that only a few days ago the Premier spoke gloomily and despondingly when assigning reasons for still keeping the "suspects" in custody. The legislative promises are not numerous, yet if they can all be carried out, this Session will deserve hereafter to be marked with a white stone for its fruitfulness. Local self-government and London municipal reform are both big jobs, and the latter will provoke considerable hostility. On the other hand, the Bankruptcy Bill and the Rivers Conservancy Bill are measures totally unconnected with party politics, and therefore we hope they will be fully and carefully debated, improved as much as possible, and then converted into Acts.

**MR. BRADLAUGH.**—The decision of the House of Commons with regard to Mr. Bradlaugh was precisely what most people anticipated. It was hardly possible for the majority to withdraw from the position which they had taken with so much decision on former occasions. It may be a little difficult to understand their scruples, seeing that Mr. Bradlaugh admits the binding force of the oath, and expressly denies that he ever meant to thrust his theological or anti-theological opinions on the attention of the House. Still, having repeatedly declared that he would not be permitted to go through the usual form, the majority could not with dignity have annulled their prohibition; and it may now be assumed that Mr. Bradlaugh will not be allowed to take his seat in the manner at present prescribed by law. Either the right of affirmation must be granted, or he must remain outside of Parliament altogether. There is considerable advantage in the issue being thus narrowed, and it is much to be regretted that Mr. Gladstone did not see from the beginning that the question would sooner or later assume this form. Had he proposed at once to deal with the matter by legislation, the chances are that the difficulty would have been speedily over-

come, for the Tories would scarcely have liked to begin their career in Opposition by an attempt to make the oath a theological test. Whatever course they may now adopt, the duty of Mr. Gladstone is plain enough. A Liberal Prime Minister cannot possibly consent to the exclusion of a lawfully-elected representative from Parliament on the ground of his opinions respecting religion. That would be to conflict with all the most fundamental principles of the Liberal creed; and there can, we suppose, be no doubt that the House of Commons will be asked to open its doors wide enough to admit Atheists. Mr. Bradlaugh, however, will have no reason to complain if this is not done at once. There are questions of far more urgent importance before Parliament, and other men in a position similar to his have often had to wait many years for the remedy of their grievances.

**IRISH TOPICS IN PARLIAMENT.**—The discussion raised by Mr. Gray concerning the imprisonment of certain Irish members was rather dull and inconclusive, probably because the debate was narrowed by the ruling of the Speaker to a question of privilege. The best point was made by Mr. Biggar, who perhaps was more entertaining than just in his surmise that "the Premier was a vain old gentleman, who did not care to meet a man of Mr. Parnell's calibre on the floor of the House of Commons for fear he would expose his sophistry and explode his windy orations." In actual truth, however, the matter is a very serious one. As Lord Salisbury observed, the facts are unprecedented. With all their alleged coercive tendencies, the Tories never found it necessary to keep M.P.'s under lock and key. That only four members are in custody proves that the Government have exercised their powers cautiously, but it does not the less cause us to remember that the Government are clothed with powers by which every M.P., if he happened to be on Irish soil, might be shut up for an indefinite period. All this indicates that, in the opinion of the Government, the sister-island is in a very exceptional and dangerous condition. Earl Granville's reply to Lord Salisbury was singularly feeble. He quibbled over the question as to whether there was a military force of 30,000 or 60,000 men in Ireland. If the constabulary are reckoned as well as the soldiers, the higher figure, as given by Lord Salisbury, is certainly correct. Then Earl Granville tried to prove (as a palliation for the present condition of affairs) that Ireland was in a far worse state under the tithe agitation of fifty years ago than it is now. We have already exposed the fallacy of this comparison. We fully admit that during the earlier period there were more outrages, and especially more murders. But we must not forget that, though still lagging behind the rest of the United Kingdom, Ireland has, during these fifty years, made great advances. The country is better cultivated, the people, if fewer in numbers, are better fed and better educated, all the population stand on a higher level of comfort. From such a population we do not expect the blind fury of 1832, although it is sad to observe how much of the old leaven of savagery still seethes in the hearts of the people. The real danger, however, nowadays, is of a different type. It is that the mass of the Irish are more weary of us than at any former period since the Union. They feel no gratitude for our well-intended though clumsy attempts to better their condition. Since 1832 an Irish nation has sprung up across the Atlantic, and they are a perpetual spectacle of envy to the Irish who stay at home. Thus far, whatever the Government may say, the Land Act, while it has half-ruined the landlords, has rather fanned the flame of general unrest and discontent than lessened it.

**EGYPT.**—The Government are evidently anxious to minimise the importance of the Joint Note issued by them in association with the late French Government on the Egyptian difficulty. That the Note contained a threat of armed intervention there can, however, be little doubt. It was interpreted in this sense both at home and abroad; and it would, indeed, have been meaningless had it not implied that the Khedive would in the last resort be upheld by force. Besides, how could the application of force be avoided if there were a real danger of our route to India being closed? And if, in the event of vigorous action becoming necessary, France insisted on being associated with us, would it be possible for England to decline her aid? Those who supported Lord Beaconsfield's policy may contend that by forming an enduring alliance with Germany and Austria England would have been able to act without reference to French opinion; but they must also recognise the fact that, whether by Mr. Gladstone's fault or not, the Central European Powers are not only not our allies, but regard this country with scarcely disguised hostility. We have, therefore, no alternative but to act with France, if she indicates that she does not intend to let us act alone; and it is certain that she did proclaim this to be her intention when M. Gambetta was in power. Whether M. de Freycinet is of the same mind remains to be seen. In the mean time, although the situation is exceedingly confused, there does not seem to be much chance of grave complications in the immediate future. The Porte would probably be very willing to stir up strife if it were sure of being backed by Germany and Austria; but all the evidence tends to show that these States are as anxious as any of the Powers to maintain peace. The true policy of England appears to be to encourage the movement for national independence in Egypt, so that the country may by and by be strong enough

to maintain order without foreign help. By this means we should remove a fruitful source of intrigue and misunderstanding, and it would be easier for us than it is now to defend claims which, although of supreme importance, are capable of more precise definition than those of any of our rivals.

**PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE.**—Before attempting to legislate for the benefit of its constituents, the House of Commons is going to try and reform its own Rules, with the view, if we may vary slightly the phrase of a celebrated orator, "Of giving the hydra-head of Obstruction a rap on the knuckles." We sincerely trust it may be successful. The great mass of the public, we feel assured, care much more that useful and necessary legislation should be effected than for the ascendancy of this or that political party. Indeed, many of us are getting to hate the very name of politics, implying, as it does, the struggles of heated partisans stigmatising their respective opponents as traitors and imbeciles, and managing between them to paralyse nearly all useful work. We English are not skilful in inventing new names, otherwise we should ere this have discovered a home-grown equivalent for the French *clôture*. The foreign name is unattractive, but the thing is good—nay, it may be said, inevitable. As Mr. Bouvier remarked the other day, the House of Commons is no longer a club of school-mates and college-mates, where an invisible sense of propriety served in lieu of hard-and-fast rules. We have now to deal with a body of men of diverse classes and conditions. Hence the necessity of the "stopper." We hope the Opposition will consent to allow a bare majority (instead of three-fourths) of the members present to sanction the application of the "stopper." It will then be a far less exceptional and invidious proceeding than if the consent of an overwhelming number must first be obtained. And both parties will profit equally by it. The Liberals are now the stronger, but the Tories may be the stronger in another Parliament. After all, as we have urged before, what is the use of being the majority unless the majority can do what they wish? Hitherto the House has been bullied by minorities, and still more by individuals. With one exception, the other proposed changes are of minor importance, and they seem sensible, though we should like to have seen a plan either for postponing question-time till a later period of the sitting, or for curtailing the loquacity both of askers and answerers if the present time is retained. The exception, of course, is the entrusting of important measures to large standing Committees of the House. If the House, as a whole, can be got to respect the decisions of these Committees, its legislative efficiency will be doubled, or even quadrupled; if, however, the House insists on debating every measure over again from the beginning, the Committees naturally might as well be non-existent. But we are sanguine enough to believe that by degrees this plan of working in sections will save much valuable time. Meanwhile, we earnestly entreat honourable members, in deliberating over this most important subject, to rise superior to petty and party considerations, and to examine each proposed alteration in a spirit of genuine patriotism.

**THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.**—It will be impossible for some time to form any decided opinion as to the chances of M. de Freycinet's Cabinet. So far, however, it does not seem to have excited much enthusiasm. The enemies of M. Gambetta are well pleased to have got rid of the so-called Dictator, but they are incapable of union, either for the support of M. de Freycinet or for any conceivable scheme of positive policy. M. Gambetta's friends, while not at all anxious in the mean time to embarrass the new Premier, can hardly be expected to act with him as trustworthy allies. M. de Freycinet may, therefore, be compelled to limit his attention to measures which do not stir strong feeling; and it is probable that France in her present mood would not object to a period of unostentatious legislation. The Irreconcilables demand the revision of the Constitution; but there is no evidence that the majority of the people ever considered this a "burning question." At any rate, if it excites them, they are at no particular pains to manifest their zeal; they even appeared to be relieved when, after M. Gambetta's fall, the whole matter was postponed. As for the Socialistic and semi-Socialistic projects of the Reds, these have never found favour among the peasantry and the middle class; and most Frenchmen seem to think that the Church had better be let alone, at least for the present. A time will, of course, come when France will again long for political excitement; but while she is in a pacific humour, M. de Freycinet should not find it difficult to maintain office. Industry and commerce would profit largely by a lull of this kind, and M. Gambetta would have an opportunity of studying thoroughly the causes of his wretched failure after all the brilliant hopes with which his rise to power was anticipated. That he will advance once more to the front is almost certain; but it will be better for himself and for France if he does so when events have demonstrated that the nation can, after all, do very well without him.

**GENERAL SCOBELLEFF'S SPEECH.**—It is not surprising that the speech recently delivered by General Scobeleff has created much excitement in Germany. We have heard very little lately of the Pan Slavist movement, and politicians of an optimist tendency hoped that it had begun to die away.



General Scobeleff, however, who may be taken as the most authoritative representative of the Russian army, gave enthusiastic utterance to Panslavonic aspirations; and he expressed deep regret that he could not go to the aid of his fellow Slavs in Herzegovina. Those English Liberals who supported Mr. Gladstone in the anti-Turkish agitation will, of course, say that this does not concern Great Britain. Perhaps not; but it certainly concerns Germany. For Panslavism means, it must be remembered, the breaking-up not only of Turkey but of Austria. The Slavonic provinces of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy must, according to General Scobeleff's party, form a portion of the Russia of the future; and a considerable section of the inhabitants of these provinces would not be disinclined to make the change. If the map of Europe were thus altered, Germany might, perhaps, hope to secure the German provinces of Austria; but at what a cost! An almost irresistible Power would dominate the whole of her eastern and southern frontiers, while on the west she would still be watched with jealousy by France. For the moment the orthodox view in England is that all this is a mere baseless fancy; but the Germans must surely be allowed to be the best judges of their own interests, and they see in Panslavism the most formidable danger by which their empire is threatened. This is, of course, the real secret of their growing friendship with Austria; and Lord Beaconsfield, whether or not he was right in wishing to associate England with the Austro-German alliance, was undoubtedly right in his conception of that alliance as based on solid and abiding interests.

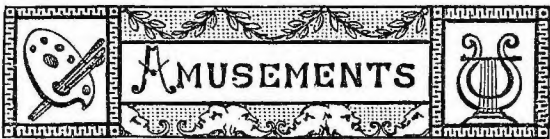
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## SKETCHES ON THE PARIS BOURSE

THE extraordinary mania for speculations which has prevailed amongst all classes in France during the past few years has ended, as has been foreseen, in a terrible crash. The Frenchman is essentially a speculative being, gambling suits his temperament, and he is prone to screw and pinch in his household matters in order to raise a little capital to "play upon the Bourse," either in a lottery loan, or in the shares of some "smoke-jack" company, which he has been assured is a good thing. The fairer sex in France also take an intense interest in all Bourse transactions, and frequently possess a knowledge of financial matters which would astonish their English sisters, by whom they are mainly regarded rather as disciples of Worth than of Rothschild. The speculation fever, moreover, has of late been enhanced by the introduction of the religious element—the now notorious Union Générale having been formed with a great flourish of trumpets as a medium by which Christians, and not the wily Jews, should benefit by financial enterprises. The prospectus set forth that the company had obtained the favour of a special autograph benediction from "Our Reverend Holy Father," while the printing was done at an office patronised by "Our Holy Father the Pope" and the Archbishop of Paris. This idea of "consolidating Catholic capital" and out-Israelitising the Israelite, coupled with the prospect of receiving an abnormal interest, was eagerly seized upon, particularly in the strictly Religious and Monarchical circles of the Faubourgs. Legitimists, headed, it is said, by their king, the Comte de Chambord, hastened to deposit their funds in the keeping of the new Society, whose shares rose like wildfire, and new shares were created and issued at a premium. As usual, however, the Christian in the long run was not found equal to the Israelite in finance, and last week the crash came, the Union Générale shares fell, and finally the Company stopped payment, its manager and chairman being arrested for fraud.

Our sketches will give some idea of the various scenes in and around the Bourse during the past few weeks. The arrival of the first quotation for Consols from the London Stock Exchange—usually about twenty minutes to one—always creates considerable excitement, as of late it has more or less decided the general average of the day's standing. In No. 2 we see the brokers in the *gaiterie*, or inner circle, where only the financial brokers are allowed to penetrate. They appear to be kissing each other, but only act in this seemingly insane manner, firstly, because there is such a noise that they can scarcely hear what is said; and secondly, in order that their transactions shall not be heard by their neighbours. No. 3 shows a "groupe du comptant," or buyers for cash. These folk were the liveliest of all during the recent crisis, and, indeed, are so still, for most people who have ready money are now buying at the ridiculously low rates which prevail for ready money. In No. 4 we see one of the ladies, who used to "boursicoter," sitting in her carriage in front of the Bourse instructing her broker, whom she has despatched to buy or sell. Next, in No. 5, we come to another interesting feature, the well-known old women speculators of the humbler class, who bring their chairs and sit close by the Omnibus office with their bonds, &c., in a portfolio on their knees. The features of the honest, trusting "provincials," many of whom, alas! have been sadly taken in, cannot fail to be distinguished in No. 6; while lastly, we have the only speculator who never runs any risk—the vendor of newspapers, who in the ever-recurring periods of Government crises drives a roaring trade.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.—THE MOVERS AND  
SECONDEERS OF THE ADDRESS TO THE THRONE

IN the House of Lords the Address in reply to the Queen's Speech was moved by the EARL OF FINGALL (Arthur James Francis Plunkett), Baron Killeen, of Killeen Castle, County Meath, in the peerage of Ireland, and Baron Fingall, of Woolhampton Lodge, Berkshire, in that of the United Kingdom. His lordship is the head of a noble family of Danish origin, whose settlement in Ireland is so remote that the date is not precisely known. He was born at Rome, April 1st, 1859, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father, the tenth Earl, in April last year. He is a Lieutenant in the Royal Meath Militia.

The seconder of the Address in the Lords was BARON WENLOCK (Sir Beilby Lawley), of Wenlock, Shropshire. The peerage dates from 1839, and the baronetcy from 1641. He was born May 12, 1849, educated at Eton and Cambridge, and elected M.P. for Chester (L.) in 1880, but was unseated on petition. In 1872 he married Lady Constance Mary Lascelles, daughter of the fourth Earl of Harewood, and succeeded his father in November, 1880. He is a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire, and an officer in the Yorkshire Yeomanry Cavalry.

MR. W. EDWARD MARJORIBANKS, M.P. for Berwickshire, who moved the Address in the House of Commons, is the eldest son of Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks. He was born in 1849, educated at Harrow and Oxford, married in 1873 to Lady Fanny Octavia Louise Spencer-Churchill, the second daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, and he entered Parliament for the first time at the General Election of 1880. He is a member of the banking firm of Coutts and Co., and is also connected with the brewing firm of Meux and Co.

MR. JOSEPH F. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH, the seconder of the Address in the Commons, is a son of the late Mr. Firth, of Huddersfield, and a member of the Society of Friends. He was born in 1841, educated at London University, called to the bar at the Middle Temple in 1866, and is a member of the London School Board. He is well known as the promoter of the scheme for the "Reform of the Municipal Government of London," a measure which the Government have adopted, and which, it is hoped, will be passed during the coming Session.

Our portraits are from photographs—the Earl of Fingall by Lafayette, 30, Westmoreland Street, Dublin; Baron Wenlock by Silvester Parry, the Cathedral Studio, Chester; Mr. Marjoribanks by A. J. Melhuish, 12, York Place, Portman Square, W.; and Mr. Firth by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

## ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING—VII.

THE *Ceylon* arrived in the Bosphorus off Constantinople, on December 6th, and remained there until the 8th. Although the weather was cold, the passengers enjoyed their stay ashore, Stamboul being eminently one of those cities where the streets alone afford a vast amount of gratis sight-seeing. The polyglot character of the wayfarers, for example; among a hundred passengers selected at random there will be quite twenty nationalities. The voyagers were much impressed by the wretchedness of the roads, the pavement being full of holes, and the stones apparently all placed with their sharpest corners uppermost. It was over such paving that sturdy porters were to be seen carrying huge loads, gangs of them occasionally being employed in carrying weights which in more civilised countries would be put into carts. The

horses, however, are so accustomed to these anti-Macadam cause ways, that one can ride fast along roads over which in England it would be a case of dismount and walk. One sketch shows some street barbers, not far from St. Sophia, another a part of the Grand Bazaar, and a pear-seller, a good specimen of the many vendors and hawkers in the streets. Two Armenian merchants in the bazaar quarrelled in their eagerness to entice one of the passengers to buy. During the fray he retired. Shortly afterwards passing the same booth he saw one of the combatants sitting ruefully surveying his shattered goods. Both of them were probably mulcted in a fine.

The correspondent of the *Sportsman* on board the *Ceylon* tells a characteristic story showing how "Turkish atrocieties" are sometimes innocently manufactured. A gentleman was holding forth at dinner about the shameful conduct of the official Turks to those below them, and in support of his charges mentioned what had occurred to himself. His guide wished to take him to a particular shop in Pera. Finding it closed when they arrived there, he remarked, "Il est transporté" (He has moved away). "Pourquoi?" asked our enthusiastic friend. "Parceque la boutique était trop petite," said the guide. "What a shameful thing," cried the orator, "to transport a man for not being successful enough to enlarge his shop."

The last news of the *Ceylon* was from Penang, where she arrived February 3rd.

## CASKET PRESENTED TO MR. GLADSTONE

See page 136.

## THE CRISIS IN EGYPT

FOR a whole year, since Arabi Bey and his brother colonels practically mutinied against the Khedive, and imposed upon him certain conditions which Tewfik found himself compelled to accept, Egypt has virtually been under the rule of the army, and it seems as though the Mameluke régime is again to be revived. In September Arabi Bey and his companions once more rose in revolt, and with 4,000 men and 30 guns at their back demanded further reforms, the dismissal of the Ministry, and a Constitution. Tewfik, as usual, gave way. Cherif Pasha, the nominee of the Nationalist party, was named Prime Minister, and an Assembly of Notables was called together to formulate a Constitution. For four months there has been comparative quiet, but the military party have been becoming more and more powerful and arrogant, and as we relate elsewhere the Assembly, acting under its influence, could not agree even to Cherif Pasha's scheme for a Constitution but made further demands, such as complete Ministerial responsibility to the Chamber and Parliamentary control over the Budget, which the Prime Minister declined to grant. Once more the unfortunate Tewfik was called upon to change his Ministry, and again the Cabinet has gravitated towards the dictating military party, who may now be regarded as the true sovereigns in Egypt. We publish the portraits of the Khedive, Tewfik I., of Cherif Pasha, who of late has won European regard by his strenuous efforts in the cause of organisation and conciliation during his Premiership, of Arabi Bey, the talented leader of the War Party, of his brother colonels, Ali Fahmi Bey and Abdullah Ifelmi Pasha, who have so powerfully aided him in his action, of Fahri Pasha, Minister of Public Instruction, and of Mustapha Pasha, who, before and after the September coup, was Minister for Foreign Affairs, and who holds the same post in the present Cabinet.—Our portraits are from photographs:—Cherif Pasha by O. Schoeff, Cairo, and Mustapha Pasha, P. Sebah, Cairo.

"MARION FAY"

MR. TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 137.

## A DEER HUNT ON EXMOOR

IT is a "far cry" back to August; but the chase of the wild red-deer on Exmoor practically commences simultaneously with grouse shooting, and comes at a date when every sportsman who wants to "kill something" is getting very weary of a bloodless inactivity. In these latter days, when almost every corner of the habitable and uninhabitable globe has been ransacked in search of sport, there is still to the majority of sportsmen an indescribable novelty in this wild stag-hunting, and if perchance he drops in for one of the occasional great moorland runs, whatever be his experiences all over the world, he will mark it as a day *crédit notanda*.

The North of Devon and the West of Somerset form the arena of this unique sport, and it is comprised within the points of Taunton, Dunster, Minehead, Po. Lock, Lynmouth, South Molton, and Dulverton, the wild and romantic wastes of Exmoor being, as it were, its centre. If you look to your *Bracon* you will find that any of these points are within an easy day's journey from London. A single portmanteau will carry all you need in the way of *impedimenta*, but don't take down a "gee," unless you have got one that is an "all round" kind of animal, well used to the "ups and downs" of miscellaneous hunting life, to whom waiting is never weary, and no day is too long. If you have not one of this stamp, however great a "swell" you may be, trust to one of the natives which the country-side produces, and which can be got at Taunton, Dunster, Minehead, and elsewhere. In hunting with the Devon and Somerset staghounds no man can afford to be the slave of appearances either in the matter of costume or horseflesh. With them dandyism is best draped under a garb of serviceable humility, which shuns criticism, but defies the weather. In the same way the horse that can best scramble all day up and down rugged hillsides, and when called upon can sling along at a hand gallop for fourteen to twenty miles without sinking, is the prize winner in the red deer country, however hairy be his heels, however thick and short his shoulders, and however unkempt his coat.

The chief meets of the hounds have almost historic names. Cloutsham is from long custom the first trysting-place of the season. Then there is Hawkcombe Head, Culbone Stables, all just above Porlock; Larkborough, in the centre of the moor, and probably in the mind of our artist; Brendon, from which the great run of 1879 took place, marking twenty-six miles in length, the moor twice traversed, and the kill taking place in the Lynn just above Lynmouth; Yard Down in the Molton country, Dunkerry Hill Gate, and in the Dulverton country Corners and Mountsey Hill Gates, and famous Haddon; while on the Quantocks the best known rendezvous is Triscombe Stone, or Quantock Lodge, which ever you like to call it.

"Old stagers" of the hunting district are not only supposed to, but do "know their way about," and if you are wise, as a foreigner, you will make friends of one or more of them, which is no difficult matter, as the native stag-hunters are a friendly race, and they will "put you up to a thing or two," which is not in you by any instinct or intuition, however wide your experience as a sportsman generally may be. There is a lot of initiation wanted in this field of sport. You must learn from friendly natives when to wait, and when to go, and the general probabilities of the chase. When you see the "tufters" going away full speed with huntsman or one of the whips after them, you must not suppose the run has commenced. These are only the hounds put into the cover to rouse the "warrantable" deer which the "harbourer," after watching day and night for a week or more, assures the master is hard by, and they have broken after a hind or a stag not "big enough," and must be brought back to find the animal "wanted." When he is found, and breaks, and the "pack," which while the tufters are at work are kept quiet close by, is laid on, then you may "go." But don't be in a hurry—even the most experienced hands are often at a loss to make up their minds for which point to make, so much depends on the country.





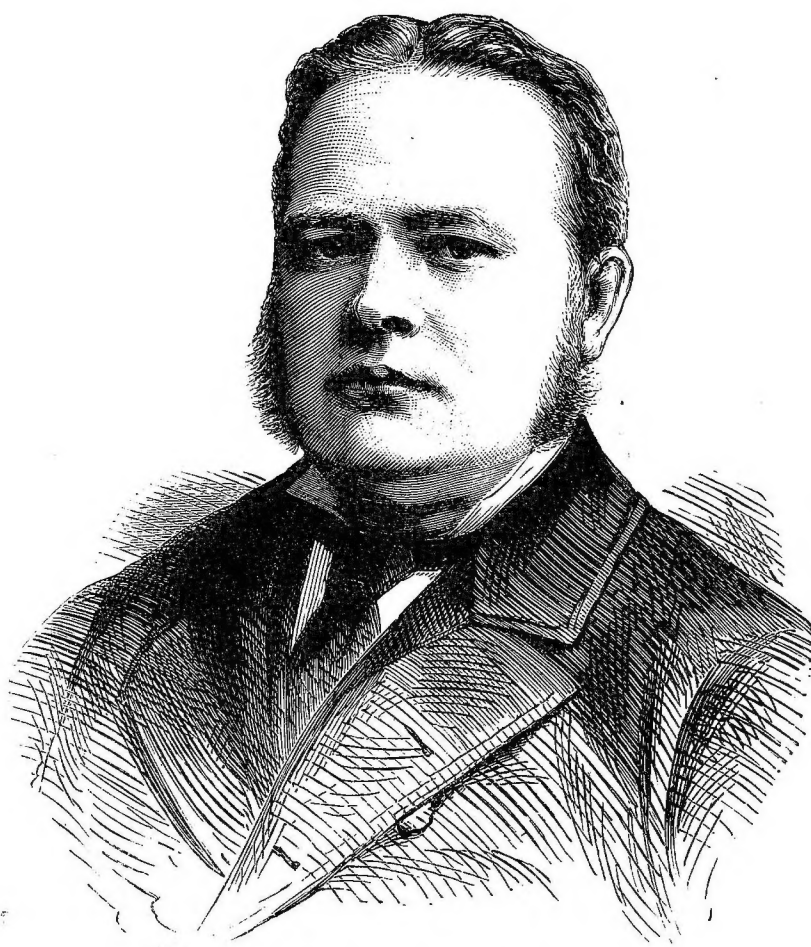
THE EARL OF FINGALL  
Mover in the House of Lords



BARON WENLOCK  
Seconder in the House of Lords

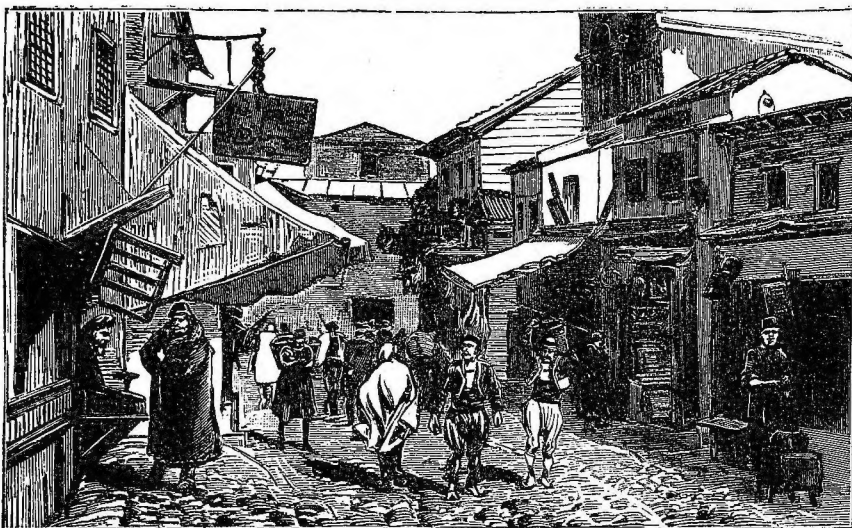


W. E. MARJORIBANKS, ESQ., M.P.  
Mover in the House of Commons

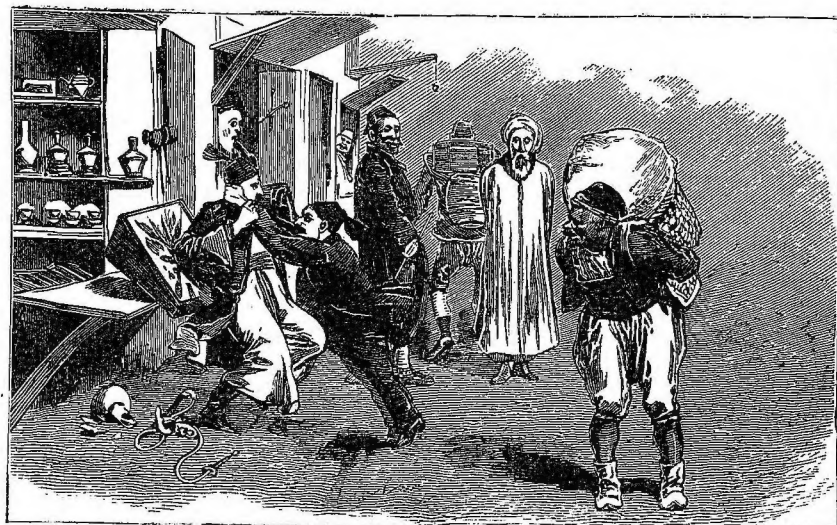


J. F. B. FIRTH, ESQ., M.P.  
Seconder in the House of Commons





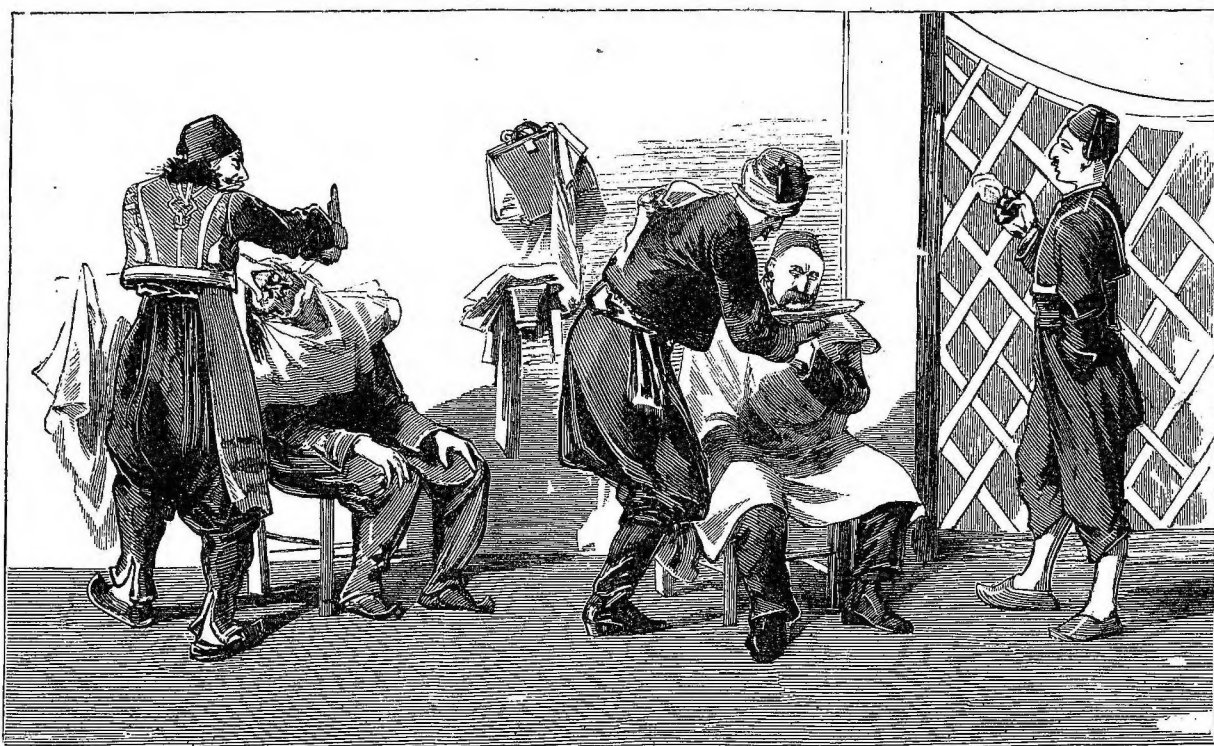
STREET IN BAZAAR



SETTLING A COMMERCIAL DIFFICULTY



PORTERS CARRYING A CASK



STREET BARBERS



A PEAR SELLER



the wind, the weather, and the animus of the quarry himself. The late master Mr. Fenwick-Bisset (our artist has got him to a T), versed as he was in the laws of venery, and the geography of the moor and its borders, could not always make up his mind without much cogitation. You might see him on some coign of vantage, with a black velvet wide-awake on head and opera-glasses in his hand (pray don't be shocked, you orthodox fox-hunters), with much greater doubts agitating him as to which way he should go, than now probably disturb him as to which way he shall vote as an M.P. If he had his difficulties, how do you as a foreigner expect to find it all "straight sailing?" You will have all your work to do to be up at the finish, even in an average run. What with the deep "combes" and the "fords" (our artist seems to have been at "Torr Steps"), and the bogs, verdant and treacherous, you and your "gee" must be pretty clever and persevering to see the quarry "cross his last stream," or "take soil" for the last time before he confronts his pursuers with his haunches to a rock, and mid the brawling waters of the Barle, Exe, or Lynn, dies no inglorious death.

*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.* If in your arm chair, with a fragrant weed between your lips, you wish to peruse and learn something about red-deer hunting on Exmoor, read "Lorna Doone," Whyte Melville's "Katerfelto," and Dr. Collins (Sir John Karslake) in *re*. J. J. M.

## IN AND ABOUT THE BLACK FOREST

See page 139.

## MRS. LANGTRY AS MISS HARDCASTLE

THE name of this lady has been so long prominently before the public on account of her personal attractions that when, on the 15th December, it was announced that she would take part as Miss Hardcastle in a performance of *She Stoops to Conquer* at the Haymarket Theatre for the benefit of the Theatrical Fund, the doors were besieged by a curious crowd. The general verdict on that occasion seems to have been that, having regard to her inexperience, she acquitted herself remarkably well in what is by no means an easy assumption; and this opinion has been subsequently sustained by her rendering of the less arduous character of Blanche Haye, in Robertson's comedy *Ours*. Critics, of course, differ. We will select two as specimens. The *Era*, as the recognised organ of the theatrical profession, may naturally be supposed to be a little jealous of those who, owing to their reputed good looks, escape the drudgery which falls to the lot of most beginners, and climb at once to the top of the ladder. The *Era* styles Mrs. Langtry "a raw amateur;" says "that the fun of the first scene with Young Marlow was greatly lessened by her inadequate acting; and that, as the barmaid, she never rose above mediocrity." The *Saturday Review*, on the other hand, is far more favourable. "Mrs. Langtry's Miss Hardcastle is full of promise, and has already fine points in performance. The want of mastery of gesture and intonation is naturally enough more apparent here than in the part of Blanche Haye, but it is evident that the actress has intelligence and application enough to overcome these faults. In her scenes with Young Marlow there was a true and graceful appreciation of humour."—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, 110, Regent Street, W.

## THE CRUISE OF THE YOUNG PRINCES

THE young Princes during their visit to Shanghai devoted a considerable portion of their time on shore to sport, and with this object ascended the river Wang-Poo as far as Kas-hing in the "house-boat" *Ariadne*. This vessel is especially designed for excursions such as these, and contains two large cabins—the one for eating and sleeping, and the second for a kitchen. The mast, like the funnel of the Thames steamers, can be lowered to pass beneath the bridges, while in the stern are lodged the Chinese crew who, when the wind fails, propel the boat by means of oars and poles. The Princes returned from this trip laden with game. Amongst other amusements they took part in a "paper-chase" and a "drag-hunt," in which Prince George was first in at the—we were going to say "death," but as there are no foxes in China the scent is furnished by means of fox-litter brought from Japan, and drawn over the ground. The natural formation of the country, intersected by rivers and small canals, renders such a hunt exceedingly interesting, and not unexciting. The illumination depicted in our third sketch, our artist tells us, takes place on every occasion when there is a grand parade of the fire brigade of the town.

Our illustration at Amoy is from a photograph by Mr. George A. Conder, taken on December 17th, on the occasion of a picnic given by members of the Amoy Club to the officers of the Detached Squadron at a Temple on Amoy Island, known as the "Ten Thousand Rocks Joss House."

## MERV

RUMOURS having reached India from Candahar that the Russians have taken Merv, that much-talked-of city becomes once more specially interesting. It may be remembered that the anxiety displayed by Lord Beaconsfield's Government concerning the Russian designs on Merv was mockingly described by the Duke of Argyll as "Mervousness." Time will show whether this piece of jocularly was ill-advised or not. There can be no doubt that competent judges have for long held that both commercially, politically, and strategically, Merv is a very important place. It marks the point of junction of the three main highways of Central Asia, and furnishes an incomparable base for operations against Persia and Afghanistan. The modern city is a miserable ghost of the ancient Merv, the acknowledged Queen of Central Asia, which, with its million of inhabitants, offered such desperate resistance to the various enemies who sought to plunder its enormous wealth.

The adventurous visit of Mr. O'Donovan, the *Daily News* correspondent, to Merv, will be fresh in the memory of our readers. After his imprisonment there the tide of popular opinion turned in his favour, and he was actually made a member of the Governing Triumvirate, a sort of bloodless revolution having taken place. In one of his letters Mr. O'Donovan gives a vivid description of the event. He was awakened by an unusual uproar in the main avenue among the huts of Merv. Horsemen were dashing to and fro, sabres flashing, muskets were being fired. Two processions advanced from opposite directions, one headed by Baba Khan, the other by Amaniaz Khan. These were his associates in the new Government, of which he was chosen President. The scene was remarkable. The Murgab flowed sluggishly by; a huge mass of the nearly-completed Merv ramparts rose against the morning sky; there were thousands of spectators eager to catch a glimpse of the Government of the future. The new President then made a speech, and a very sensible speech, advising the Mervites to give up raiding, and turn to peaceful pursuits. If they went on raiding, he said, they would be subjugated by the Russians, whereas if they gave it up, they might re-establish Merv as an emporium of commerce.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Major the Hon. J. Colborne, made from details supplied to him by Mr. O'Donovan.

NOTE.—Mr. John Murray, of 50, Albemarle Street, W., requests us to state that the article, which appeared in last week's *Graphic*, on Kirby, is evidently in a great measure derived from an article on Northamptonshire by the Rev. Thomas James, M.A., late Vicar of Sibbertoft, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* some years since, and was subsequently reprinted in a separate form, and published by Mr. Murray.



**POLITICAL AFFAIRS.**—The Parliamentary dinners, customary on the eve of the Session, were given on Monday by the Premier and Earl Granville as Ministerial leaders; and by the Marquis of Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote as leaders of the Opposition. On the same day the Irish party held a meeting, at which Mr. Parnell was appointed as President, and Mr. Justin McCarthy as Vice-President, and resolutions were adopted as to the attitude the party should assume on the Queen's Speech, the arrest of the Irish M.P.'s, and the Bradlaugh difficulty.—Mr. Herbert Gladstone has sent a short letter to the papers, contradicting in the most direct fashion some half-dozen statements made about him by Lord Claud Hamilton in his recent speech at Liverpool. He is sorry that his lordship should think it worth while to impute to him words that he never spoke, and to tell stories that have no truth in them.

**ELECTION NEWS.**—The Conservative victory in Yorkshire has been followed by another at Preston, where Mr. H. C. Raikes (C) polled 6,045 votes against 4,212 given for Mr. Simpson (L).—The resignation of Sir Charles Russell through continued illness seems to have taken the Westminster Liberals by surprise, for they are unable to secure a candidate. Mr. John Morley and Mr. Beal having both declined the honour, whilst Mr. Plimsoll being abroad cannot be communicated with in time. The Conservatives have put up Lord Algernon Percy, who seems likely to "walk over."—There are also vacancies for Meath by the resignation of Mr. A. M. Sullivan; for Malmesbury by the presumed death of Mr. Powell; and for Taunton by the death of Sir W. Palliser.

MR. BRADLAUGH has been again expelled from the House of Commons, but like a true-born Briton means to continue the fight in the full belief that he will ultimately win. On the very night of his defeat the London Trades' Council passed a resolution condemning the action of the House as "despotic, unconstitutional, and prejudicial to the public," and since then other protests have appeared in print. The hon. member was to address his constituents on Friday (yesterday), and it is thought that he will not again present himself at the table until after the introduction of Mr. Labouchere's Bill for the amendment of the law relating to Parliamentary oaths.

**IRELAND.**—On Wednesday last week a dastardly attempt was made on the life of Mr. Forster by some miscreant, who sent to him through the post an envelope containing a powerful explosive known as iodide of nitrogen, which, had it been dry instead of damp, would probably have caused serious mischief to the person who had opened it. The packet arrived at Dublin Castle after Mr. Forster had left for London, and the discoloration of the envelope fortunately excited suspicion as to its contents, for had the opening been delayed about an hour an explosion must have taken place. During the past twelvemonth Mr. Forster has received no fewer than 400 threatening letters.—The twenty persons arrested at Millstreet for treason-felony at the instance of Connell, the "Moonlight" leader, were examined before Captain Plunkett, R.M., at the County Gaol. Sixteen were committed for trial, three remanded, and one discharged from custody. A man named Quin, who absconded from Millstreet when it became known that Connell had given information, was arrested at Cork on Wednesday.—Of the seventeen persons arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of Lord Ardilaun's bailiffs, six have been liberated and eleven remanded for further inquiries. The police have great difficulty in extracting information from the residents of the district.—Two members of the Dunmoyne Ladies' Land League were the other day summoned for "using opprobrious language towards the police," but at the last moment the charge was withdrawn.

**PERSECUTION OF JEWS IN RUSSIA.**—Public protests continue to be made against the cruelties to which the Jews in the Russian Empire have been subjected. Important meetings on the subject have been held at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Southampton, Plymouth, Sunderland, and other places. The Mansion House Fund for the relief of the sufferers amounted to 39,800*l*. The Chief Rabbi, the Rev. Dr. Adler, has issued a Pastoral, acknowledging the sympathy and aid of his Christian fellow-countrymen, and reminding the Jews resident in England of their duty to render generous and unstinting assistance to the thousands and tens of thousands of their brethren who have fled from "the land of sorrow."—Mr. Lewisohn has written again to Lord Granville, pointing out that he asks no favour of the Russian Government, but only claims the unrestricted enjoyment of those rights to which every British subject is entitled by virtue of the treaty existing between the two countries.

**PROVINCIAL MUSEUMS AND ART GALLERIES.**—People who believe it to be a mistake to crowd all our national art treasures together in two or three places, where there is no room for their proper display, and to which access is difficult if not impossible to the bulk of the nation, will be glad to learn that the Birmingham Corporation is organising a combination of all the municipalities for the purpose of persuading the Government to make gifts and loans of art works to provincial museums. Separate petitions have been vainly made for thirty years' past, but union is strength.

**THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.**—A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* reports a conversation which he recently had with Sir Garnet Wolseley, in which the latter declares his opinion that the tunnel would be a source of extreme danger to England, as it might at any time be suddenly seized by a force of 2,000 men, whose lives, any Government possessing a large army would think nothing of risking, and which we should be powerless to resist, as the invaders would of course render our precautions useless by seizing simultaneously all approaches to the tunnel.—The *Broad Arrow* says that the real danger is not by such a surprise as this, but that the first condition of peace, after an unsuccessful war with France, would be the establishment of a French garrison at the English end of the tunnel, and the consequent power of throwing a French army into this island at any time thereafter.—The *Echo* very sensibly points out that the flooding or blowing up of the tunnel would be a very rude method of destroying an invading army, when a small chemical laboratory would give us the means of "suffocating the lot in a few minutes."—The *United Service Gazette* says that the "shivering and shaking at imaginary and supposititious dangers is rapidly making us the laughing-stock of Europe."

**THE FOG** which enveloped the metropolis on Friday night and Saturday was one of such extraordinary density that even the electric light failed to penetrate it beyond a very few yards. Traffic by road, rail, and river was greatly impeded, and in some instances stopped altogether, whilst several serious accidents, and at least two fatalities, are reported.

**AN AMBULANCE SERVICE FOR LONDON** is in process of organisation under the patronage of the Duke of Cambridge. The object is to provide suitable vehicles for the conveyance to the hospitals, or to their own houses, of any persons who may be injured by accidents or seized with sudden illness.

**THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY IN IRELAND** was dissolved on Friday last week, and the Senate held its last meeting two days earlier, when some degrees, honorary and otherwise, were conferred, and a valedictory address was delivered by the Chancellor (the Duke of

Leinster). The students of Queen's College, Belfast, celebrated the event by a mock funeral, the B.A. and M.A. caps and gowns being interred in a miniature coffin, whilst the effigy of Lord Cairns was hanged and burned, after the formalities of a mock trial.

**VALUE OF ADVERTISING STATIONS.**—Our contemporary, *Land*, says that a well-known surveyor has in his hands a piece of land in the centre of the metropolis for which he could get no bidders at a rental of 120*l*. a year, but which he has now let to an advertisement contractor for 12*l*. per month, or about 15 per cent. more than the rental.

**THE NEW EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE** was successfully lighted for the first time on Friday last.

**OBITUARY.**—Among the deaths reported this week are those of the Earl of Lonsdale at the early age of twenty-seven; and Sir W. Palliser, M.P., whose portraits and memoirs we shall shortly publish.



THERE is always danger of arriving at the conclusion that of a series of familiar events the latest recurrence is the most remarkable. Nevertheless it may be safely recorded as the concurrence of opinion amongst authorities that never was there so much excitement at the opening of Parliament as surged about Westminster on Tuesday. The principal hero was, of course, Mr. Bradlaugh, who came down in a chariot, painted yellow, with blue wheels, which there was some difficulty in recognising as the homely hansom. Parliament was summoned to meet at two o'clock, but at least four hours earlier a canny Scotchman, Macfarlane by name—representative of the constituency of Carlisle—had put in an appearance, and claimed his seat. From that hour down to noon members began to arrive in increasing numbers. Those who had thought an hour before the advertised time of meeting was not an inadequate punctuality found themselves compelled to stand. Mr. Bradlaugh arrived about half-past one, the multitude outside lustily cheering. With the close of last Session lapsed the orders of the House which forbade the member for Northampton to appear within its precincts, lest peradventure he might be tempted to make fresh assault upon the table. He was therefore now at liberty to go whither he would, so long as he kept outside the plain line on the floor which marks the mystic Bar. He availed himself of this privilege to enter the lobby, to visit the libraries, and presently to appear within the House, where he stood about the Bar for some minutes, and then retired to his old seat under the gallery. Here he saw the members gather, shake hands with the Speaker, and finally flock out to hear the Queen's Speech read in the other Chamber, the decent dulness of which contrasted strangely with the uproar and bustle of their own House.

Parliament being opened in due form the customary adjournment took place—the Commons to meet again at four, and the Peers at five. Noble lords dropped in with leisurely grace at the appointed time. But in the Commons there was even in an increased measure a repetition of the bustle of the forenoon. Mr. Bradlaugh himself was more than punctual. At half-past three his burly figure was recognised towering over the crowd at the Bar, and, as he stood at the cross-bench, apparently ready to spring, there was some apprehension that the anticipated crisis might any moment flash forth. But as yet there was no Speaker in the chair, and Mr. Bradlaugh, after hanging about for a few moments, again withdrew to the seat under the Gallery.

At four o'clock the Speaker came in, and a hush fell on the excited assembly. No one quite knew what was the precise order of business—Mr. Gladstone least of all. He was, as he presently confessed, under the impression that nothing would be done till half-past four, and so, to the amazement of the House, and the growing bewilderment of his colleagues, he stayed away till that hour. In the mean time a great deal had happened. New members elected during the recess, and having no suspicion of profanity lurking about them, were permitted to walk up to the table and take the oath. Prominent figures in the proceedings were Mr. Raikes, looking very gloomy, and Mr. James Lowther, very joyful.

The real Master of the Ceremonies still sat below the Gallery, and graciously permitted those preliminaries to take place. But as the rear of the column of new members closed up, the too-familiar massive figure was observed moving down, and once more, as of yore, Mr. Bradlaugh was standing at the table demanding to have the oath administered to him, whilst Sir Erskine May stood, book in hand, "making believe" that there was nothing particular in the matter. Like the Light Brigade receiving the order to charge at Balaclava "his not to reason why." Here was a duly-elected member coming to take the oath, and as Clerk of the House it was his business to administer it. But this was only a part in the moving drama. Sir Erskine May's advance, with the book in hand, was (in theatrical parlance), the cue for Sir Stafford Northcote, who now interposed, and amid a ringing cheer from the Opposition forbade the bans.

Mr. Bradlaugh stood at the table while Sir Stafford Northcote spoke, and from time to time regarded the gentle leader of the Opposition with a haughty glance. The Speaker, who is getting used to this sort of thing now, behaved throughout with great self-possession; and it was partly owing to this, though largely to the increase of moderation in Mr. Bradlaugh, that the thing went off so well as it did, and the House was spared the shame of a scuffle on its historic floor. At the suggestion of the Speaker Mr. Bradlaugh retired, and settled himself in a seat at the rearward cross-bench which is just outside the Bar. That this part of the scene had been rehearsed under the sanction of the highest authority of the House was evident, for Mr. Bradlaugh had ready in reserve in the seat his bundle of notes and a glass of water. He would have spoken when Sir Stafford Northcote resumed his seat; but Mr. Newdegate interposed, and his personal interest in the matter being recognised—for had he not, as he said, with a pathos that convulsed the House, been summoned as a defendant at Bow Street Police Court?—he took the lead. Mr. Newdegate was very solemn, very emphatic, and more than usually inconsequential. It is said that the solemnity of his tones arrested the movement of the clock, which certainly stopped at twenty-five minutes to five, five minutes after the member for North Warwickshire had begun to make his moan. In one of his gestures he smote Mr. Ritchie a fearsome blow just under the right ear. As for the rest of the argument, it travelled through the United States, over the steppes of Russia, across France, and, amid shouts of laughter, home through the Channel Tunnel. The Prince of Wales, who, like Mr. Gladstone, seemed to think half-past four was early enough to begin, arrived in time to hear Mr. Newdegate, and join in the hearty laughter which followed on the accident to poor Mr. Ritchie.

Mr. Bradlaugh followed his adversary of Bow Street Police Court, and standing at the Bar delivered an impassioned address, which was not less able than it was vigorous. Once or twice he came dangerously near placing himself at enmity with the House; but with great skill and adroitness drew back in time to save himself from censure. The House would have been very glad to divide straight off, which would have been the most sensible thing to do. Sir William Harcourt had moved the previous question, explaining that this was done as the Government regarded the



question of Mr. Bradlaugh's right to take the oath as outside their jurisdiction, being purely a legal one. But there were some others to speak, and one of these was Mr. Labouchere, who enforced a proposal made by Mr. Bradlaugh himself that the motion of Sir Stafford Northcote should be withdrawn, and that for whatever space of time might be reasonable Mr. Bradlaugh would retire, pending the passing of a Bill making it optional for members to take the oath or make affirmation. Moreover, to relieve the House from further embarrassment, Mr. Bradlaugh undertook, if the Bill passed, to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds, and thus dissociate his own personality from the action of the House. This was a proposal Sir Stafford Northcote declined to entertain, and after a brief speech from Mr. Gladstone on the lines laid down by Sir William Harcourt the division was called.

It was taken amid much excitement, and resulted in the previous question being rejected by 256 votes against 228. The irrepressible Mr. Bradlaugh was again at the Table, and it seemed certain that the crisis had come, and that the Sergeant-at-Arms, who stood at the Bar with sword on thigh, would presently be engaged in deadly conflict with his ancient adversary. But to the agreeable surprise of every one, Mr. Bradlaugh when bidden, meekly retired, and the Irish Members entering on the scene, made a very dull debate on the arrest of their colleagues. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the Address was reached, and having been duly moved and seconded by Mr. Marjoribanks and Mr. Firth, the House adjourned.

On Wednesday afternoon Sir Stafford Northcote attacked the general policy of the Government, which was defended by Mr. Gladstone in an animated speech. Here practical politics ended, the debate being taken up by the Irish members. Mr. Dawson, whose accession to the Lord Mayoralty of Dublin seems to have increased his volubility, was speaking when the debate was adjourned.

**THIEVES AND RECEIVERS.**—That the receiver is worse than the thief, and that there would be no thieves were there no receivers, are sayings which have become trite from constant repetition, but they none the less express a truth to which it is unfortunately still needful to call attention in the hope that something may at last be done to diminish crime by striking directly at its root, instead of continually lopping off branches, only to see others spring up in their place. It is a notorious fact that out of the multitude of plate and jewellery robberies which are committed scarcely any are ever brought home to the perpetrators, for the simple reason that the booty is not many hours in possession of the thief before the precious stones are wrested from their settings, and the gold or silver is cast into the melting-pot, so that identification is rendered impossible. Most people, however, will, we should think, be surprised to learn from Mr. Bryce Wright that this illicit traffic is mainly in the hands of "some half-dozen receivers, who are as well known to the police as customers are to a tradesman." How is it, then, they are not arrested and punished? Because they are protected by law. No matter how strong the suspicion may be against them the police cannot enter their dens without a search warrant, which can only be granted by a magistrate within the hours of ordinary legal business; so that for about eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, that is from 4 P.M. to 10 A.M., Mr. Fagin can carry on his nefarious business and snap his fingers in the face of the detectives, who are morally certain of his misdoings, but who are so hampered by the restraints of the law that they can do nothing towards bringing him to justice. In the great majority of cases of housebreaking and burglary the thief gets clear away without being seen, so that the only chance of proving his guilt is by tracing the possession of the stolen property, and this, as we have pointed out, is made impossible by the absurd condition of the law. During last session an attempt to provide a remedy was made in the House of Lords by the Lord Chancellor, who introduced a Stolen Goods Bill, which, however, fell through after being read a second time and referred to a Select Committee. It is to be hoped that this measure, or some modification of it, will be brought forward again during the coming Session, and become the law of the land, despite the formidable opposition which it is said will be brought against it by pawnbrokers and other interested persons. It is distinctly in the interest of the community that we should make the disposal of stolen goods as difficult as possible, and thus by increasing the labour and trouble of the thief, and diminishing his chances of profit, teach him that the axiom, "Honesty is the best policy," is something more than a mere goody-goody copy-book precept.



## THEATRES

THE management of the VAUDEVILLE Theatre, after a resolute and protracted effort to maintain its stand upon new comedies, has fallen back upon what may now be called a tradition of the house, seeing that the revival here of *The School for Scandal* some years ago was probably the most successful and assuredly the longest-lived of all representations of that standard work. The latest revival of this comedy, brought out on Saturday evening, will bear favourable comparison with its predecessor. It has a very handsome and graceful Lady Teazle in the person of Miss Cavendish, whose performance is never wanting in spirit, while it attains in the famous screen scene a high level of dramatic art. Mr. William Farren, who is perhaps as excellent a representative of the part as we have left, again plays Sir Peter; while Mr. Henry Neville appears once more in the character of Charles Surface. The Joseph Surface of the revival is Mr. Frank Archer, an actor who, though wanting in something of the seductive airs of that designing casuist, certainly lacks nothing on the side of his smooth plausibility. There is also a finished Mrs. Candour in the person of Mrs. Arthur Stirling, who dresses admirably and speaks her words always with true emphasis, and scarcely less to be said of Mrs. Canninge's Lady Sneerwell. Mr. Lin Rayne's success as Sir Benjamin Backbite in the pretty performance of this comedy at the Prince of Wales's Theatre a few years since naturally marked him out for this small but by no means insignificant part; and Mr. Maclean's hearty honest style renders him no less eligible for the part of Sir Oliver, which he now assumes. Crabtree is played as of yore by Mr. Thomas Thorne with a true artistic sense of the humour of the dramatist's conception; and Mr. Righton, who has a reputation for representing Jews, appears as Moses. That the performance might want nothing in its less prominent features the services of the well-known tenor singer and operatic performer, Mr. Wilford Morgan, have been engaged for the part of Sir Harry Bumper, whose function, as every one knows, hardly goes beyond that of singing, as one of the guests at Charles's table, the drinking song, "Here's to the maiden," &c.

Admirably efficient as is the whole representation from the point of view of the acting, we hardly feel sure that in these days of lavish decorations and costumes we shall be forgiven for delaying so long to speak of the *mise-en-scène*, which in itself would probably suffice to render the revival remarkable. Some very effective and careful interiors suggestive of the period have been painted for the occasion by Mr. Walter Hann, which have been rather elaborately furnished by firms of upholsterers, whose names figure in the playbill somewhat after the fashion of those of gallant and distinguished persons in the

official report of some glorious feat of arms. Mr. Alfred Thompson has designed the costumes, which are no mere "eighteenth-century dresses" carelessly ordered, but careful selections from fashions of about the period of the comedy, or a trifle later. Miss Ada Cavendish in the walking-dress in which she plays the ill-starred visit to Charles in the library may be fitly compared with a Gainsborough portrait. Altogether the revival was extremely well received by an audience which could not have been more numerous if fine bright weather instead of dense yellow fog had reigned without.

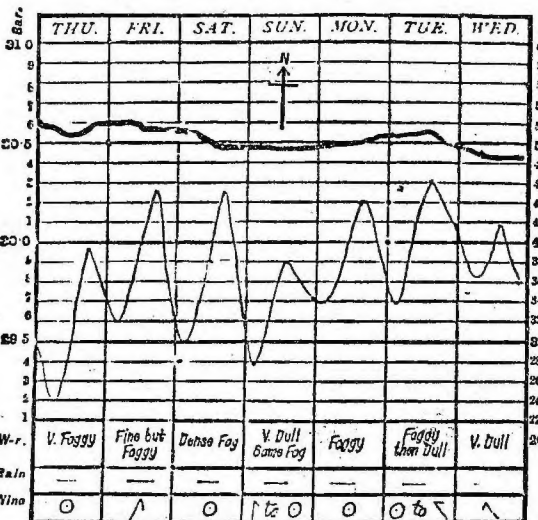
The *Marble Arch*, a comedieta adapted from the German by Mr. Edward Rose and Miss A. J. Garraway, brought out at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre, is an amusing though not very refined little piece, setting forth the proceedings of a young wife who in order to test her husband's fidelity permits a pretty widow of rather flighty propensities to entice him into a rendezvous at the locality indicated by the title of the piece. It is very well played by Miss Eva Boucicault, Miss Grahame, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

A performance of Mr. Herman Merivale's translation of Ponsard's *Le Lion Amoureux*, entitled *A Son of the Soil*, at the Gaiety Theatre on Wednesday afternoon, served to introduce Mr. Herbert Standing, the clever actor of the Criterion Theatre, in the part of the hero, Louis Martel. The ambitious effort—for Mr. Standing's line is rather comedy than passionate romantic drama—was not crowned with complete success; for the actor is in moments of high passion hurried and indistinct in his utterances. The faults of the performance, however, were such as time may cure. Mr. Standing has at least an expressive countenance, and a voice that is capable of pathetic expression.

Mr. Hare writes to contradict the rumour—sufficiently incredible in itself—that he had stipulated that Mr. Hardy's version of his novel, "Far From the Madding Crowd," which is to be produced at Liverpool towards the end of the present month, shall not be performed at provincial theatres where it is intended this summer to perform *The Squire*.

At Mr. Quilter's residence, the White House, Chelsea, a dramatic performance, in aid of cases of distress in Chelsea, is announced to be given on the evening of Friday (yesterday), and Saturday (to-day), commencing at eight o'clock. The programme includes Augier's drama of Athenian life, *The Love of Hyppolita*, done into English verse by Mr. Harry Quilter, and a comedieta, in which Miss Florence Terry and Mr. Quilter will appear.

## WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM FEB. 2 TO FEB. 8 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the whole of this period the weather of our neighbourhood has been under the influence of an anti-cyclonic area, and it will be seen from the above diagram that the changes in the barometer have been exceedingly slight and gradual. The anti-cyclone began to advance over us from the Continent on Thursday (2nd inst.), its presence being marked by the setting in of dull, foggy weather, and during the whole of Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday (4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th inst.) the centre of the system fairly covered this part of the country. The fog continued, with varying density, until Tuesday evening (7th inst.), and during Saturday (4th inst.) it was exceptionally thick in all parts of the metropolis. On Tuesday afternoon (7th inst.), however, the high pressure area began to recede eastwards, and on Wednesday (8th inst.) it was evident that a series of depressions was about to appear on our western coasts, the effect of these changes being to cause sufficient wind to drive away the fog, although the weather still remained dull. At the commencement of the week temperature was low for the time of year, but during the remainder it has been about equal to the average. The barometer was highest (30.6 inches) on Friday (3rd inst.); lowest (30.4 inches) on Wednesday (8th inst.); range, 0.2 inches. Temperature was highest (46°) on Tuesday (7th inst.); lowest (24°) on Thursday (2nd inst.); range, 22°. No rain has fallen.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY has elected Mr. J. E. Boehm, A.R.A., the well-known sculptor, an Academician.

ÆSTHETICISM is arousing considerable interest in Paris, and M. Coppée proposes to write a poem on the subject.

THE FASHIONABLE FLOWER in Paris this season is the *mimosa*, which was brought into favour by M. Sardou in his last piece, *Odette*.

WOMEN HAVE WON ANOTHER VICTORY IN AMERICA. In future they will be admitted to the medical course at Harvard College.

BRITISH SAILORS ARE RARE SIGHTS IN POONA, and a couple recently visiting some friends there were fairly mobbed in the streets by the natives, who descanted freely on their dress and the "penknives" hanging at their sides.

FRENCH LITERATURE was not so productive in 1881 as usual. Although 12,261 books and pamphlets were published—nearly double the amount of British publications—the numbers showed a decided falling-off on those of previous years.

THE HOUSE INHABITED BY SIR WALTER SCOTT IN ROME is to be distinguished by a marble tablet, inscribed with the record of his visit, the slab being erected by the Roman Municipality. The house is in the Via della Mercede, near the Post Office.

THE FOUNDER OF THE KINDERGARTEN SYSTEM is to be commemorated by a monument at the place where Fröbel opened his first school of the kind—Blankenburg, in Thuringia. The monument will be unveiled on the centenary of Fröbel's birth, next August.

MIDLE SARAH BERNHARDT is sadly persecuted by the attentions of a Russian Count, who has followed her to Vienna, and refuses to take "No" for an answer. The actress treats him as a lunatic, but kindly informs him that she "can never be any man's wife, as she is wedded to her art."

THE TALLEST GERMANS come from Schleswig-Holstein, according to a recent comparison of the height of Teutonic army recruits. The Holsteiners average in height about five feet six inches; whereas their countrymen from other provinces generally average a little over five feet four inches.

A PET SNAIL is a decided novelty in favourites. Yet the *American Naturalist* tells us a painstaking countrywoman has succeeded in training a snail so that it not only knows its mistress, but will come to her when she talks to it. If any one else speaks, the creature at once draws its head back into its shell.

CHINESE TABLE ETIQUETTE is somewhat curious. No conversation except remarks upon the food is permitted during the meal, but all the guests begin to eat at the same moment, exclaiming, with a flourish of their chopsticks, "Let us begin;" while it is considered very bad manners for one person to finish before the others.

ARTIFICIAL mother-of-pearl has been made by an ingenious Swiss, after several years' experiments. It is so accurately manufactured that the false cannot be distinguished from the real substance, while, further, the imitation mother-of-pearl can be produced in any colour, or moulded in any shape, and is besides impervious to weather.

THE SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF WATER COLOUR PAINTERS recently held a special general meeting, under the presidency of Mr. Francis Powell, and decided that in future the number of Associates should be unrestricted. Accordingly, eleven new Associates were elected, besides two members, Messrs. Thomas Fairbairn of Glasgow and Mr. David Law of London.

THE OLD MASTERS do not appear to be highly valued in Berlin, to judge by a recent picture sale. Thus the *American Register* tells us that a Wouvermans went for 2*l.* 14*s.*; two Vanloos for 8*l.*; the same price being paid for a fine Van Goyen; while as valuable "Stoning of St. Stephen," by an unknown painter, admirably suited for an altar-piece, was knocked down for 1*s.*

ONE OF THE OLDEST CHURCHES IN SWITZERLAND has been burnt down, the ancient church of Rapperschwyll, in the canton of St. Gall. The first part of the edifice, the little tower, was built in 1259 as a private chapel for Rudolph of Hapsburg, the founder of the present Austrian Imperial dynasty, and this, with all the remainder of the building, except the great tower containing the archives, which was built a century later, have all perished. The church was much injured during the Reformation.

THE PROPOSED BALLOON JOURNEY TO FRANCE is fixed for Tuesday next, if the weather prove favourable. Mr. Simmons and Colonel Brine intend to start either from Canterbury or Ashford early in the morning, and after despatching pilot balloons will try to manipulate the balloon among the proper currents, and so work over to the French coast. Considering silk unreliable for a sea voyage, the aeronauts will travel in an india-rubber balloon of the same size as the unfortunate "Saladin," but weighing 200 lbs. less, the weight being 400 lbs.

THREE PARIS THEATRES WILL SHORTLY CELEBRATE THEIR CENTENARIES. The Opéra will be a hundred years old on April 9th, while the Opéra-Comique and the Palais Royal will keep similar birthdays next year. Talking of theatrical matters, a sensible measure against panic has been taken at the Grand Theatre, Rouen. A huge placard has been placed on the curtain warning the public against the dangers of panic in case of fire, and reminding them that the building is emptied in seven minutes on ordinary occasions, so that there will be plenty of time for every one to get out in safety.

AN ART GALLERY AND MUSEUM are to be instituted in Aberdeen out of the funds derived from the recent exhibition of the Prince of Wales's Indian presents. Some public assistance will, however, be needed. Art Exhibitions in the provinces continue to flourish, and the fifth annual Fine Art Exhibition at Dundee, which has lately closed, was wonderfully successful, both the sales and number of visitors being considerably above the numbers of the previous year. Nearly 1,000 pictures were hung, besides etchings and black-and-white drawings, while relatively to the population the sales were the highest yet realised by any British Exhibition.

QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA, who is well known as an authoress and artist, under the pseudonym of "Carmen Sylva," usually works in a small hunting chalet near the King's new summer palace, perched high up in a forest on a mountain. Here, M. Louis Ulbach tells us, in a recent sketch, the Queen has arranged an artistic studio, looking on to the forest and a rippling brook, while a tame bear-cub gambols on the grass beneath. Her Majesty is very romantic, owing in a great measure to her rural life when young. Brought up on a farm, she spent most of her time running about the country or working in the garden. Later she took to studying with immense ardour, and wanted to become a school-mistress. Skilled in all ancient languages, the Queen is no less acquainted with modern tongues. She is now writing a poem, "Ahasuerus."

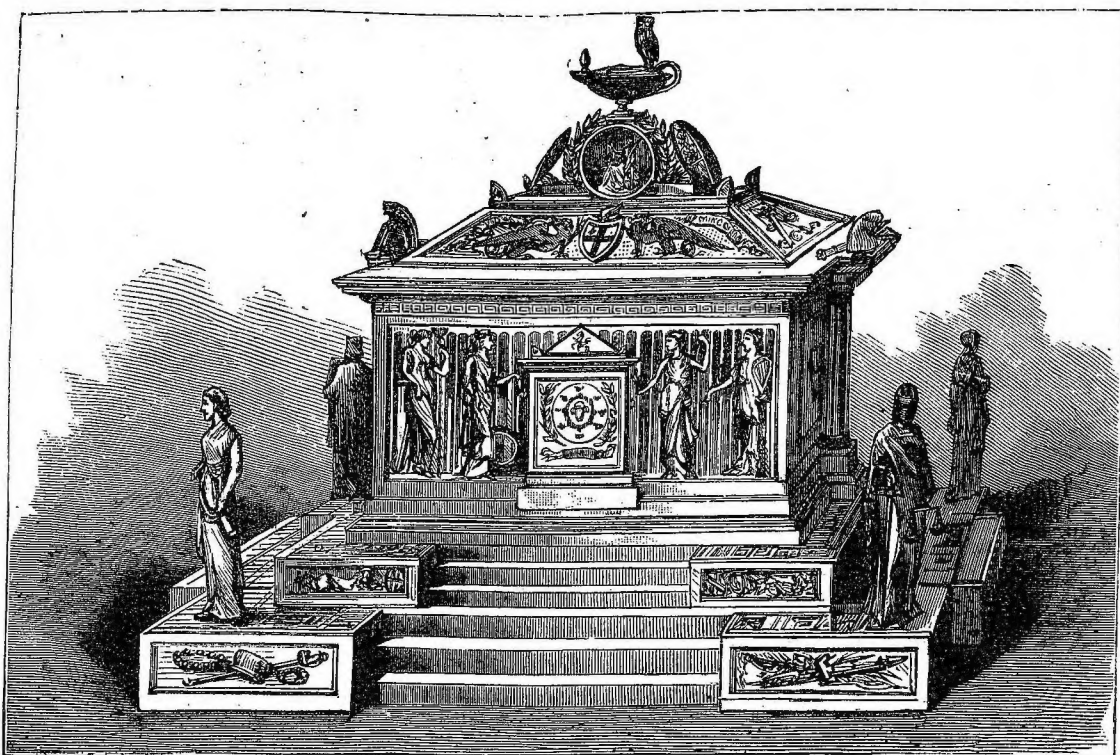
LONDON MORTALITY again increased last week, and 2,023 deaths were registered, against 1,971 during the previous seven days, an increase of 52, being 77 above the average, and at the rate of 27.1 per 1,000. These deaths included 13 from small-pox (a decline of 11), 36 from measles (a decline of 3), 21 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 7), 18 from diphtheria (an increase of 4), 194 from whooping-cough (an increase of 19), 2 from typhus fever, 22 from enteric fever (an increase of 5); 2 from ill-defined forms of fever, and 15 from diarrhoea (a decline of 8). Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 647 (an increase of 104, being 43 above the average), of which 420 were caused by bronchitis and 146 by pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 52 deaths, 48 were the result of accident or negligence. There were 2,775 births registered during the week.

THE ASCENT OF MONT BLANC IN WINTER has just been made for the second time. A Scotchman, Mr. Carus Cunningham, and four Chamounix guides, first made the entire round of the mountain by Courmayeur and the Col du Géant, the tour occupying six days, and encouraged by their success, left on the 30th ult. for the Grands Mulets, where they slept. Next day they reached the summit of the mountain, and after stopping a quarter of an hour to plant a flag and drink some brandy, their wine having frozen on the way, they returned to the Grands Mulets, and thence to Chamounix. A similar ascent was made by Madame Charlet Straton on exactly the same date in 1876. The prevailing mild weather is naturally favourable for mountaineering, and the peak of the Schidhorn, in the Bernese Oberland, has also been scaled by a party from Lauterbrunnen, for the first time in winter. The travellers however encountered no great difficulties, the snow being in good condition, and scarcely more plentiful than in summer, while Alpine roses were blooming at a height of 7,000 feet. This mildness, however, is causing some trouble in Switzerland, for the Canton of Zurich is threatened with a water-famine, owing to the dryness of the rivers, while the Lake of Constance is lower than at any time since 1805. It is curious to note that this winter the highest temperature prevails in the countries where the cold is generally most severe, and the lowest in warmer climates. Thus in Southern Italy, Spain, and Northern Africa, the nights have lately been bitterly cold, and at Athens snow has fallen heavily, the Attic Mountains being covered. On the other hand so fine a January has never before been known at the Great St. Bernard Hospice, while the French mountains are completely free from snow, and daisies are blooming in the Jura.



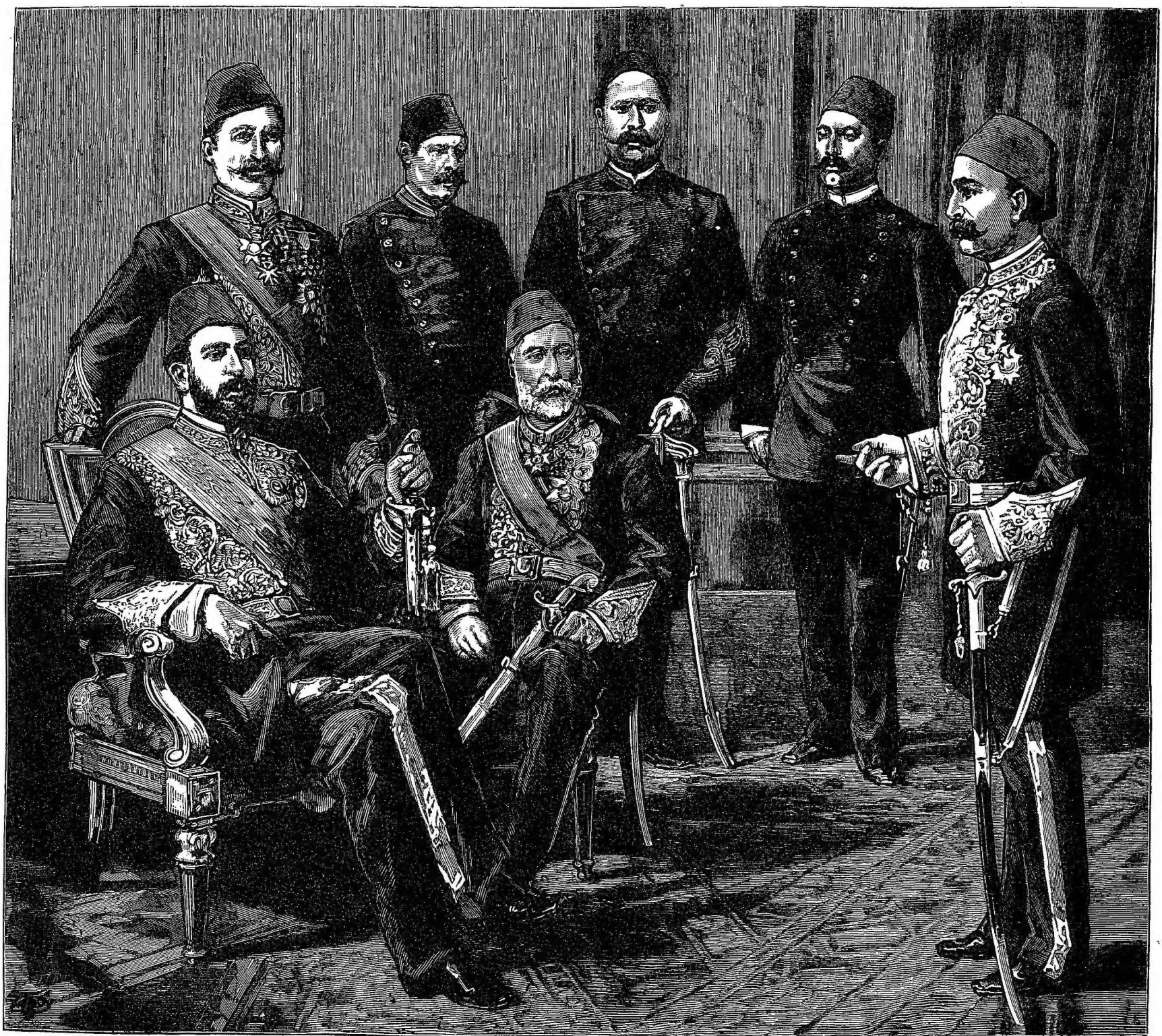
**GOLD CASKET PRESENTED TO MR. GLADSTONE**

THIS Casket, which is destined to contain the Address presented to the Premier by the Corporation of the City of London in September last, was designed and executed by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, at their establishment in Regent Street. The substance of the Casket itself is gold, upon which are various designs in enamel, while the base upon which it rests, and which takes the form of a series of steps, is silver. It is 12 inches long, 8 inches broad, and 10 inches high. On the reverse front there is a trophy supported by the City dragons and bearing the following inscription:—  
"To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Prime Minister of England, as a token of the estimation in which he is held by the citizens of London, and of their appreciation of his high character, rare genius, and varied gifts, so long devoted to the service of his country. September 22, 1881."  
The front of the Casket has in the centre a monumental trophy, bearing upon it Mr. Gladstone's crest, arms, and motto, surrounded by a wreath of laurel in enamel.



MR. GLADSTONE AND THE CITY OF LONDON—GOLD CASKET FOR THE ADDRESS  
RECENTLY PRESENTED BY THE CORPORATION

Approaching this trophy on either side are four figures executed in repoussé work, and representing respectively the City of London with a mural crown upon her head, the City Mace in one hand, while with the other she is presenting an address; Commerce, holding a caduceus, indicating the prudence and energy of business, and at the side an ancient anchor, showing the important part of navigation in promoting commercial success; Ceres, indicating plenty as the result of the policy of free imports; and Ireland, represented by a figure holding the Irish harp in one hand and the shamrock in the other. On the lid are the arms of the City, delicately wrought in enamel, and above it there is another trophy, surmounted by the lamp of learning, with the owl as the bird of wisdom perched on the handle. The shields of the trophy represent the Genius of Patriotism, the Royal Standard, the Union Jack, and the bust of Homer, for whom Mr. Gladstone's predilection is well known. At the corners of the base are four gold figures, representing Eloquence, Justice, Industry, and Law. The work is exquisitely finished in every detail, and forms a most tasteful as well as costly present.



Mustapha Pasha      Ali Fahmi (Bey)      Cherif Pasha      Ahmed Arabi Pasha      Abdallah Helmi Pasha      Fahri Pasha  
Tewfik I., the Khedive

THE CRISIS IN EGYPT—THE KHEDIVÉ AND SOME LEADERS OF THE NATIONAL PARTY





DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

He sat gazing at his fire, holding the poker in his hand.

*MARION FAY: A Novel*

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "FRAMLEY PARSONAGE," "ORLEY FARM," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW," &amp;C., &amp;C.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## WHAT THEY ALL THOUGHT AS THEY WENT HOME

LORD HAMPSTEAD had come to the door to help them into the carriage. "Lord Hampstead," said Mrs. Roden, "you will catch your death of cold. It is freezing, and you have nothing on your head."

"I am quite indifferent about those things," he said, as for a moment he held Marion's hand while he helped her into the carriage.

"Do go in," she whispered. Her lips as she spoke were close to his ear,—but that simply came from the position in which chance had placed her. Her hand was still in his,—but that, too, was the accident of the situation. But there is, I think, an involuntary tendency among women to make more than necessary use of assistance when the person tendering it has made himself really welcome. Marion had certainly no such intention. Had the idea come to her at the moment she would have shrunk from his touch. It was only when his fingers were withdrawn, when the feeling of the warmth of this proximity had passed away, that she became aware that he had been so close to her, and that now they were separated.

Then her father entered the carriage with Roden.

"Good night, my lord," said the Quaker. "I have passed my evening very pleasantly. I doubt whether I may not feel the less disposed for my day's work to-morrow."

"Not at all, Mr. Fay; not at all. You will be like a giant refreshed. There is nothing like a little friendly conversation for bracing up the mind. I hope it will not be long before you come and try it again." Then the carriage was driven off, and Lord Hampstead went in to warm himself before the fire which Marion Fay had poked.

He had not intended to fall in love with her. Was there ever a young man who, when he first found a girl to be pleasant to him, has intended to fall in love with her? Girls will intend to fall in love, or, more frequently perhaps, to avoid it; but men in such matters rarely have a purpose. Lord Hampstead had found her, as he thought, to be an admirable specimen of excellence in that class of mankind which his convictions and theories induced him to extol. He thought that good could be done by mixing the racers and plough-horses,—and as regarded the present experiment Marion Fay was the plough-horse. No doubt he would not have made this special attempt had she not pleased his eye, and his ear, and his senses generally. He certainly was not a philosopher to whom in his search after wisdom an old man such as Zachary Fay could make

himself as acceptable as his daughter. It may be acknowledged of him that he was susceptible to female influences. But it had not at first occurred to him that it would be a good thing to fall in love with Marion Fay. Why should he not be on friendly terms with an excellent and lovely girl without loving her? Such had been his ideas after first meeting Marion at Mrs. Roden's house. Then he had determined that friends could not become friends without seeing each other, and he had concocted his scheme without being aware of the feelings which she had excited. The scheme had been carried out, and now he was aware. The scheme had been carried out; he had had his dinner party; Marion Fay had poked his fire; there had been one little pressure of the hand as he helped her into the carriage, one little whispered word, which had it not been whispered would have been as nothing; one moment of consciousness that his lips were close to her cheek; and then he returned to the warmth of his fire, quite conscious that he was in love.

What was to come of it? When he had argued both with his sister and with Roden that their marriage would be unsuitable because of their difference in social position, and had justified his opinion by declaring it to be impossible that any two persons could, by their own doing, break through the conventions of the world without ultimate damage to themselves and to others, he had silently acknowledged to himself that he also was bound by the law which he was teaching. That such conventions should gradually cease to be, would be good; but no man is strong enough to make a new law for his own governing on the spur of the moment;—and certainly no woman. The existing distances between man and man were radically bad. This was the very gist of his doctrine; but the instant abolition of such distances had been proved by many experiments to be a vain dream, and the diminution of them must be gradual and slow. That such diminution would go on till the distances should ultimately disappear in some future millennium was to him a certainty. The distances were being diminished by the increasing wisdom and philanthropy of mankind. To him, born to high rank and great wealth, it had been given to do more perhaps than another. In surrendering there is more efficacy, as there is also more grace, than in seizing. What of his grandeur he might surrender without injury to others to whom he was bound, he would surrender. Of what exact nature or kind should be the woman whom it might please him to select as his wife, he had formed no accurate idea; but he would endeavour so to marry that he would make no step down in the world that might be offensive to his family, but would yet satisfy his own convictions by drawing himself somewhat away from aristocratic blood. His father had done the same when choosing his first wife, and the happiness of his choice

would have been perfect had not death interfered. Actuated by such reasoning as this he had endeavoured in a mild way to separate his sister from her lover, thinking that they who were in love should be bound by the arguments which seemed good to him who was not in love. But now he also was in love, and the arguments as they applied to himself fell into shreds and tatters as he sat gazing at his fire, holding the poker in his hand.

Had there ever been anything more graceful than the mock violence with which she had pretended to strike heartily at the coals?—had there ever been anything more lovely than that mingled glance of doubt, of fear, and of friendliness with which she had looked into his face as she did it? She had quite understood his feeling when he made his little request. There had been heart enough in her, spirit enough, intelligence enough, to tell her at once the purport of his demand. Or rather she had not seen it all at once, but had only understood, when her hand had gone too far to be withdrawn, that something of love as well as friendship had been intended. Before long she should know how much of love had been intended! Whether his purpose was or was not compatible with the wisdom of his theory as to a gradual diminution of distances, his heart had gone too far now for any retracting. As he sat there he at once began to teach himself that the arguments he had used were only good in reference to high-born females, and that they need not necessarily affect himself. Whomever he might marry he would raise to his own rank. For his rank he did not care a straw himself. It was of the prejudices of others he was thinking when he assured himself that Marion would make as good a Countess and as good a Marchioness as any lady in the land. In regard to his sister it was otherwise. She must follow the rank of her husband. It might be that the sores which she would cause to many by becoming the wife of a Post Office clerk ought to be avoided. But there need be no sores in regard to his marriage with Marion Fay.

His present reasoning was, no doubt, bad, but such as it was it was allowed to prevail absolutely. It did not even occur to him that he would make an attempt to enfranchise himself from Marion's charms. Whatever might occur, whatever details there might be which would require his attention in regard to his father or others of the family, everything must give way to his present passion. She had poked his fire, and she must be made to sit at his hearth for the remainder of their joint existence. She must be made to sit there if he could so plead his cause that his love should prevail with her. As to the Quaker father, he thought altogether well of him too,—an industrious, useful, intelligent man, of whose quaint manners and manly bearing he would not be ashamed in any society. She too,



was a Quaker, but that to him was little or nothing. He also had his religious convictions, but they were not of a nature to be affronted or shocked by those of any one who believed that the increasing civilisation of the world had come from Christ's teaching. The simple, earnest purity of the girl's faith would be an attraction to him rather than otherwise. Indeed, there was nothing in his Marion, as he saw her, that was not conducive to feminine excellence.

His Marion! How many words had he spoken to her? How many thoughts had he extracted from her? How many of her daily doings had he ever witnessed? But what did it matter? It is not the girl that the man loves, but the image which imagination has built up for him to fill the outside covering which has pleased his senses. He was quite as sure that the Ten Commandments were as safe in Marion's hands as though she were already a saint, canonised for the perfection of all virtues. He was quite ready to take that for granted; and having so convinced himself, was now only anxious as to the means by which he might make this priceless pearl his own.

There must be some other scheme. He sat, thinking of this, cudgelling his brains for some contrivance by which he and Marion Fay might be brought together again with the least possible delay. His idea of a dinner party had succeeded beyond all hope. But he could not have another dinner party next week. Nor could he bring together the guests whom he had to-day entertained after his sister's return. He was bound not to admit George Roden to his house as long as she should be with him. Without George he could hardly hope that Mrs. Roden would come to him, and without Mrs. Roden how could he entice the Quaker and his daughter? His sister would be with him on the following day, and would, no doubt, be willing to assist him with Marion if it were possible. But the giving of such assistance on her part would tacitly demand assistance also from him in her difficulties. Such assistance, he knew, he could not give, having pledged himself to his father in regard to George Roden. He could at the present moment devise no other scheme than the very simple one of going to Mrs. Roden, and declaring his love for the girl.

The four guests in the carriage were silent throughout their drive home. They all had thoughts of their own sufficient to occupy them. George Roden told himself that this, for a long day, must be his last visit to Hendon Hall. He knew that Lady Frances would arrive on the morrow, and that then his presence was forbidden. He had refused to make any promise as to his assured absence, not caring to subject himself to an absolute bond; but he was quite aware that he was bound in honour not to enter the house in which he could not be made welcome. He felt himself to be safe, with a great security. The girl whom he loved would certainly be true. He was not impatient, as was Hampstead. He did not trouble his mind with schemes which were to be brought to bear within the next few days. He could bide his time, comforting himself with his faith. But still a lover can hardly be satisfied with the world unless he can see some point in his heaven from which light may be expected to break through the clouds. He could not see the point from which the light might be expected.

The Quaker was asking himself many questions. Had he done well to take his girl to this young nobleman's house? Had he done well to take himself there? It had been as it were a sudden disruption in the settled purposes of his life. What had he or his girl to do with lords? And yet he had been pleased. Courtesy always flatters, and flattery is always pleasant. A certain sense of softness had been grateful to him. There came upon him a painful question,—as there does on so many of us, when for a time we make a successful struggle against the world's allurements,—whether in abandoning the delights of life we do in truth get any compensation for them. Would it not after all be better to do as others use? Phœbus as he touches our trembling ear encourages us but with a faint voice. It had been very pleasant,—the soft chairs, the quiet attendance, the well-cooked dinner, the good wines, the bright glasses, the white linen,—and pleasanter than all that silvery tone of conversation to which he was so little accustomed either in King's Court or Paradise Row. Marion indeed was always gentle to him as a dove cooing; but he was aware of himself that he was not gentle in return. Stern truth, expressed shortly in strong language, was the staple of his conversation at home. He had declared to himself all through his life that stern truth and strong language was better for mankind than soft phrases. But in his own parlour in Paradise Row he had rarely seen his Marion bright as she had been at this lord's table. Was it good for his Marion that she should be encouraged to such brightness; and if so had he been cruel to her to suffuse her entire life with a colour so dark as to admit of no light? Why had her beauty shone so brightly in the lord's presence? He too knew something of love, and had it always present to his mind that the time would come when his Marion's heart would be given to some stranger. He did not think, he would not think, that the stranger had now come;—but would it be well that his girl's future should be affected even as was his own? He argued the points much within himself, and told himself that it could not be well.

Mrs. Roden had read it nearly all,—though she could not quite read the simple honesty of the young lord's purpose. The symptoms of love had been plain enough to her eyes, and she had soon told herself that she had done wrong in taking the girl to the young lord's house. She had seen that Hampstead had admired Marion, but she had not dreamed that it would be carried to such a length as this. But when he had knelt on the rug between them, leaning just a little towards the girl, and had looked up into the girl's face, smiling at his own little joke, but with his face full of love;—then she had known. And when Marion had whispered the one word, with her little fingers lingering within the young lord's touch, that she had known. It was not the young lord only who had given way to the softness of the moment. If evil had been done, she had done it; and it seemed as though evil had certainly been done. If much evil had been done, how could she forgive herself?

And what were Marion's thoughts? Did she feel that an evil had been done, an evil for which there could never be a cure found? She would have so assured herself, had she as yet become aware of the full power and depth and mortal nature of the wound she had received. For such a wound, for such a hurt, there is but one cure, and of that she certainly would have entertained no hope. But, as it will sometimes be that a man shall in his flesh receive a fatal injury, of which he shall for awhile think that only some bruise has pained him, some scratch annoyed him; that a little time, with ointment and a plaster, will give him back his body as sound as ever; but then after a short space it becomes known to him that a deadly gangrene is affecting his very life; so will it be with a girl's heart. She did not yet,—not yet,—tell herself that half-a-dozen gentle words, that two or three soft glances, that a touch of a hand, the mere presence of a youth whose comeliness was endearing to the eye, had mastered and subdued all that there was of Marion Fay. But it was so. Not for a moment did her mind run away, as they were taken homewards, from the object of her unconscious idolatry. Had she behaved ill?—that was her regret! He had been so gracious;—that was her joy! Then there came a pang from the wound, though it was not as yet a pang as of death. What right had such a one as she to receive even an idle word of compliment from a man such as was Lord Hampstead? What could he be to her, or she to him? He had his high mission to complete, his great duties to perform, and doubtless would find some

noble lady as a fit mother for his children. He had come across her path for a moment, and she could not but remember him for ever! There was something of an idea present to her that love would now be beyond her reach. But the pain necessarily attached to such an idea had not as yet reached her. Then came something of a regret that fortune had placed her so utterly beyond his notice;—but she was sure of this, sure of this, that if the chance were offered to her, she would not mar his greatness by accepting the priceless boon of his love. But why,—why had he been so tender to her? Then she thought of what were the ways of men, and of what she had heard of them. It had been bad for her to go abroad thus with her poor foolish softness, with her girl's untried tenderness,—that thus she should be affected by the first chance smile that had been thrown to her by one of those petted darlings of Fortune! And then she was brought round to that same resolution which was at the moment forming itself in her father's mind,—that it would have been better for her had she not allowed herself to be taken to Hendon Hall. Then they were in Paradise Row, and were put down at their separate doors with but few words of farewell to each other.

"They have just come home," said Clara Demijohn, rushing into her mother's bedroom. "You'll find it is quite true. They have been dining with the lord!"

## CHAPTER XXII.

### AGAIN AT TRAFFORD

THE meeting between Hampstead and his sister was affectionate and, upon the whole, satisfactory, though it was necessary that a few words should be spoken which could hardly be pleasant in themselves. "I had a dinner-party here last night," he said laughing, desirous of telling her something of George Roden,—and something also of Marion Fay.

"Who were the guests?"

"Roden was here." Then there was silence. She was glad that her lover had been one of the guests, but she was not as yet moved to say anything respecting him. "And his mother."

"I am sure I shall like his mother," said Lady Frances.

"I have mentioned it," continued her brother, speaking with unusual care, "because, in compliance with the agreement I made at Trafford, I cannot ask him here again at present."

"I am sorry that I should be in your way, John."

"You are not in my way, as I think you know. Let us say no more than that at present. Then I had a singular old Quaker, named Zachary Fay, an earnest, honest, but humble man, who blew me up instantly for talking slang."

"Where did you pick him up?"

"He comes out of the City," he said, not wishing to refer again to Paradise Row and the neighbourhood of the Rodens,—and he brought his daughter."

"A young lady?"

"Certainly a young lady."

"Ah, but young,—and beautiful?"

"Young,—and beautiful."

"Now you are laughing. I suppose she is some strong-minded, rather repulsive middle-aged woman."

"As to the strength of her mind, I have not seen enough to constitute myself a judge," said Hampstead, almost with a tone of offence. "Why you should imagine her to be repulsive because she is a Quaker, or why middle-aged, I do not understand. She is not repulsive to me."

"Oh, John, I am so sorry! Now I know that you have found some divine beauty."

"We sometimes entertain angels unawares. I thought that I had done so when she took her departure."

"Are you in earnest?"

"I am quite in earnest as to the angel. Now I have to consult you as to a project." It may be remembered that Hampstead had spoken to his father as to the expediency of giving up his horses if he found that his means were not sufficient to keep up Hendon Hall, his yacht, and his hunting establishment in Northamptonshire. The Marquis, without saying a word to his son, had settled that matter, and Gorse Hall, with its stables, was continued. The proposition now made to Lady Frances was that she should go down with him and remain there for a week or two till she should find the place too dull. He had intended to fix an almost immediate day; but now he was debarred from this by his determination to see Marion yet once again before he took himself altogether beyond the reach of Holloway. The plan, therefore, though it was fixed as far as his own intention went and the assent of Lady Frances, was left undefined as to time. The more he thought of Holloway, and the difficulties of approaching Paradise Row, the more convinced he became that his only mode of approaching Marion must be through Mrs. Roden. He had taken two or three days to consider what would be the most appropriate manner of going through this operation, when on a sudden he was arrested by a letter from his father, begging his presence down at Trafford. The Marquis was ill and was anxious to see his son. The letter in which the request was made was sad and plaintive throughout. He was hardly able to write, Lord Kingsbury said, because he was so unwell; but he had no one to write for him. Mr. Greenwood had made himself so disagreeable that he could no longer employ him for such purposes. "Your stepmother is causing me much vexation, which I do not think that I deserve from her." He then added that it would be necessary for him to have his lawyer down at Trafford, but that he wished to see Hampstead first in order that they might settle as to certain arrangements which were required in regard to the disposition of the property. There were some things which Hampstead could not fail to perceive from this letter. He was sure that his father was alarmed as to his own condition, or he would not have thought of sending for the lawyer to Trafford. He had hitherto always been glad to seize an opportunity of running up to London when any matter of business had seemed to justify the journey. Then it occurred to his son that his father had rarely or ever spoken or written to him of his "stepmother." In certain moods the Marquis had been wont to call his wife either the Marchioness or Lady Kingsbury. When in good humour he had generally spoken of her to his son as "your mother." The injurious though strictly legal name now given to her, was a certain index of abiding wrath. But things must have been very bad with the Marquis at Trafford when he had utterly discarded the services of Mr. Greenwood,—services to which he had been used for a time to which the memory of his son did not go back. Hampstead of course obeyed his father's injunctions, and went down to Trafford instantly, leaving his sister alone at Hendon Hall. He found the Marquis not in bed indeed, but confined to his own sitting-room, and to a very small bed-chamber which had been fitted up for him close to it. Mr. Greenwood had been anxious to give up his own rooms as being more spacious; but the offer had been peremptorily and almost indignantly refused. The Marquis had been unwilling to accept anything like a courtesy from Mr. Greenwood. Should he make up his mind to turn Mr. Greenwood out of the house,—and he had almost made up his mind to do so,—then he could do what he pleased with Mr. Greenwood's rooms. But he wasn't going to accept the loan of chambers in his own house as a favour from Mr. Greenwood.

Hampstead on arriving at the house saw the Marchioness for a moment before he went to his father. "I cannot tell how he is," said Lady Kingsbury, speaking in evident dudgeon. "He will

hardly let me go near him. Doctor Spicer seems to think that we need not be alarmed. He shuts himself up in those gloomy rooms downstairs. Of course it would be better for him to be off the ground floor, where he would have more light and air. But he has become so obstinate, that I do not know how to deal with him."

"He has always liked to live in the room next to Mr. Greenwood's."

"He has taken an absolute hatred to Mr. Greenwood. You had better not mention the poor old gentleman's name to him. Shut up as I am here I have no one else to speak a word to, and for that reason, I suppose, he wishes to get rid of him. He is absolutely talking of sending the man away after having had him with him for nearly thirty years." In answer to all this Hampstead said almost nothing. He knew his stepmother, and was aware that he could do no service by telling her what he might find it to be his duty to say to his father as to Mr. Greenwood, or on any other subject. He did not hate his stepmother,—as she hated him. But he regarded her as one to whom it was quite useless to speak seriously as to the affairs of the family. He knew her to be prejudiced, ignorant, and falsely proud,—but he did not suppose her to be either wicked or cruel.

His father began almost instantly about Mr. Greenwood, so that it would have been quite impossible for him to follow Lady Kingsbury's advice on that matter had he been ever so well minded. "Of course I'm ill," he said; "I suffer so much from sickness and dyspepsia that I can eat nothing. Doctor Spicer seems to think that I should get better if I did not worry myself; but there are so many things to worry me. The conduct of that man is abominable."

"What man, sir?" asked Hampstead,—who knew, however, very well what was coming.

"That clergyman," said Lord Kingsbury, pointing in the direction of Mr. Greenwood's room.

"He does not come to you, sir, unless you send for him?"

"I haven't seen him for the last five days, and I don't care if I never see him again."

"How has he offended you, sir?"

"I gave him my express injunctions that he should not speak of your sister either to me or the Marchioness. He gave me his solemn promise, and I know very well that they are talking about her every hour of the day."

"Perhaps that is not his fault."

"Yes, it is. A man needn't talk to a woman unless he likes. It is downright impudence on his part. Your stepmother comes to me every day, and never leaves me without abusing Fanny."

"That is why I thought it better that Fanny should come to me."

"And then, when I argue with her, she always tells me what Mr. Greenwood says about it. Who cares about Mr. Greenwood? What business has Mr. Greenwood to interfere in my family? He does not know how to behave himself, and he shall go."

"He has been here a great many years, sir," said Hampstead, pleading for the old man.

"Too many," said the Marquis. "When you've had a man about you so long as that, he is sure to take liberties."

"You must provide for him, sir, if he goes."

"I have thought of that. He must have something, of course. He has had three hundred a year for the last ten years, and has had everything found for him down to his washing and his cab fares. For five-and-twenty years he has never paid for a bed or a meal out of his own pocket. What has he done with his money? He ought to be a rich man for his degree."

"What a man does with his money is, I suppose, no concern to those who pay it. It is supposed to have been earned, and there is an end of it as far as they are concerned."

"He shall have a thousand pounds," said the Marquis.

"That would hardly be liberal. I would think twice before I dismissed him, sir."

"I have thought a dozen times."

"I would let him remain," said Hampstead, "if only because he's a comfort to Lady Kingsbury. What does it matter though he does talk of Fanny? Were he to go she would talk to somebody else who might be perhaps less fit to hear her, and he would, of course, talk to everybody."

"Why has he not obeyed me?" demanded the Marquis, angrily.

"It is I who have employed him. I have been his patron, and now he turns against me." Thus the Marquis went on till his strength would not suffice for any further talking. Hampstead found himself quite unable to bring him to any other subject on that day. He was sore with the injury done him in that he was not allowed to be the master in his own house.

On the next morning Hampstead heard from Dr. Spicer that his father was in a state of health very far from satisfactory. The doctor recommended that he should be taken away from Trafford, and at last went so far as to say that his advice extended to separating his patient from Lady Kingsbury. "It is, of course, a very disagreeable subject," said the doctor, "for a medical man to meddle with; but, my lord, the truth is that Lady Kingsbury frets him. I don't, of course, care to hear what it is, but there is something wrong." Lord Hampstead, who knew very well what it was, did not attempt to contradict him. When, however, he spoke to his father of the expediency of change of air, the Marquis told him that he would rather die at Trafford than elsewhere.

That his father was really thinking of his death was only too apparent from all that was said and done. As to those matters of business, they were soon settled between them. There was, at any rate, that comfort to the poor man that there was no probability of any difference between him and his heir as to the property or as to money. Half an hour settled all that. Then came the time which had been arranged for Hampstead's return to his sister. But before he went there were conversations between him and Mr. Greenwood, between him and his stepmother, and between him and his father, to which, for the sake of our story, it may be as well to refer.

"I think your father is ill-treating me," said Mr. Greenwood. Mr. Greenwood had allowed himself to be talked into a thorough contempt and dislike for the young lord; so that he had almost brought himself to believe in those predictions as to the young lord's death in which Lady Kingsbury was always indulging. As a consequence of this, he now spoke in a voice very different to those obsequious tones which he had before been accustomed to use when he had regarded Lord Hampstead as his young patron.

"I am sure my father would never do that," said Hampstead, angrily.

"It looks very like it. I have devoted all the best of my life to his service, and he now talks of dismissing me as though I were no better than a servant."

"Whatever he does, he will, I am sure, have adequate cause for doing."

"I have done nothing but my duty. It is out of the question that a man in my position should submit to orders as to what he is to talk about and what not. It is natural that Lady Kingsbury should come to me in her troubles."

"If you will take my advice," said Lord Hampstead, in that tone of voice which always produces in the mind of the listener a determination that the special advice offered shall not be taken, "you will comply with my father's wishes while it suits you to live in his house. If you cannot do that, it would become you, I think, to leave it." In every word of this there was a rebuke; and Mr. Greenwood, who did not like being rebuked, remembered it.

"Of course I am nobody in this house now," said the Marchioness in her last interview with her stepson. It is of no use to argue with an angry woman, and in answer to this Hampstead made some



gentle murmur which was intended neither to assent to or to dispute the proposition made to him. "Because I ventured to disapprove of Mr. Roden as a husband for your sister I have been shut up here, and not allowed to speak to any one."

"Fanny has left the house, so that she may no longer cause you annoyance by her presence."

"She has left the house in order that she may be near the abominable lover with whom you have furnished her."

"That is not true," said Hampstead, who was moved beyond his control by the double falseness of the accusation.

"Of course you can be insolent to me, and tell me that I speak falsehoods. It is part of your new creed that you should be neither respectful to a parent, nor civil to a lady."

"I beg your pardon, Lady Kingsbury,"—he had never called her Lady Kingsbury before,—"if I have been disrespectful or uncivil, but your statements were very hard to bear. Fanny's engagement with Mr. Roden has not even received my sanction. Much less was it arranged or encouraged by me. She has not gone to Hendon Hall to be near Mr. Roden, with whom she has undertaken to hold no communication as long as she remains there with me. Both for my own sake and for hers I am bound to repudiate the accusation." Then he went without further adieu, leaving with her a conviction that she had been treated with the greatest contumely by her husband's rebellious heir.

Nothing could be sadder than the last words which the Marquis spoke to his son. "I don't suppose, Hampstead, that we shall ever meet again in this world."

"Oh, father!"

"I don't think Mr. Spicer knows how bad I am."

"Will you have Sir James down from London?"

"No Sir James can do me any good, I fear. It is ill ministering to a mind diseased."

"Why, sir, should you have a mind diseased? With few men can things be said to be more prosperous than with you. Surely this affair of Fanny's is not of such a nature as to make you feel that all things are bitter round you."

"It is not that."

"What then? I hope I have not been a cause of grief to you?"

"No, my boy;—no. It irks me sometimes to think that I should have trained you to ideas which you have taken up too violently. But it is not that."

"My mother—?"

"She has set her heart against me,—against you and Fanny. I find that a division has been made between my two families. Why should my daughter be expelled from my own house? Why should I not be able to have you here, except as an enemy in the camp? Why am I to have that man take up arms against me, whom I have fed in idleness all his life?"

"I would not let him trouble my thoughts."

"When you are old and weak you will find it hard to banish thoughts that trouble you. As to going, where am I to go to?"

"Come to Hendon."

"And leave her here with him, so that all the world shall say that I am running away from my own wife? Hendon is your house now, and this is mine;—and here I must stay till my time has come."

This was very sad, not as indicating the state of his father's health, as to which he was more disposed to take the doctor's opinion than that of the patient, but as showing the infirmity of his father's mind. He had been aware of a certain weakness in his father's character,—a desire not so much for ruling as for seeming to rule all that were around him. The Marquis had wished to be thought a despot even when he had delighted in submitting himself to the stronger mind of his first wife. Now he felt the chains that were imposed upon him, so that they galled him when he could not throw them off. All this was very sad to Hampstead; but it did not make him think that his father's health had in truth been seriously affected.

(To be continued)

## IN AND ABOUT THE BLACK FOREST

MOST tourists bound for Switzerland have skirted the Black Forest either on their way to Bâle, with, perhaps, a day's halt at Freiburg, to see the cathedral, or on their road from Strassburg to Constance, when they have made the journey over that marvellous climbing railway, which at one point rises to the height of upwards of 2,700 feet, and burrows in and out of a fir-clad mountain, or runs along the brink of a precipitous height with a daring facility which fairly takes away the breath of those who travel on it for the first time. And yet, despite the glorious views afforded of the valleys beneath, some smiling with pasture lands and quaintly-built villages, others with romantic ravines and angry torrents rushing past with picturesque haste, teeming with every shade and tone of colour imaginable; despite again, the numberless mountains, thickly clad with lofty pines, and frequently surmounted with an old ruined castle, to which attaches many a legend, and whence may be obtained a far-extending prospect; few people ever think of halting at one of the by-stations, and still fewer of spending a few days in exploring one of the most picturesque and fascinating districts in Europe. One reason may be that although the Forest is framed on all four sides by a railway, the iron horse as yet has not invaded its inner precincts, and the traveller fears that he may find himself in a quandary with regard to a conveyance; and then, again, there is no really comprehensive English guidebook, and he does not know how to plan out his route, nor what difficulties, linguistic, culinary, dormitory, or otherwise he may not have to encounter. The Germans are more fortunate, as Dr. Seydlitz's "Schwarzwald" and its accompanying map gives at once all that could be desired, even by the pedestrian desirous of leaving the beaten track.

As a matter of fact, however, the Black Forest is as easy to traverse as Switzerland; the roads are infinitely better, as they are under the charge of a special association, which takes great care to make them the best highways in Europe; there is a sign-post at every turn, a mile-stone to mark every hundred yards, there are plenty of clean and well-kept inns, where carriages and horses can be obtained at fixed charges, and there is a well-regulated Government diligence service for those who do not care to afford a private vehicle. Then, again, the Schwarzwald is a plain, straightforward peasant, as honest as he is obliging, never prone to overcharge, and ready to do a stranger a good turn without looking for the least "consideration"—in fact, as complete a contrast as could be imagined to the avaricious Switzer, who regards every stranger as legitimate prey—and fleeces him roundly accordingly.

To pedestrians in particular a more happy holiday ground can hardly be imagined. Take, for instance, the two days' walk across the Forest, from Triberg to Freiburg—or rather, perhaps, to Waldkirch, whence a local line runs to the "Free City." Triberg itself—little more than an hour's run from Strassburg—is practically in the heart of the Forest, and is renowned for its grand waterfall, the largest in Germany, which in seven huge leaps bounds down a height of 426 feet, as well as for being one of the centres of the clockmaking and wood-carving industry, which is one of the great features of the Forest life. There, as in most of the towns, is a Gewerhalle, an exhibition of the work of the district, wherein is stored treasure galore of ingenious horology and carving, and where the tourist can invest three shillings in a pretty little timepiece, any number of pounds in mechanical cuckoo or bugler clocks, or several hundreds in an orchestration whose melody and power of sound are equal to those produced by a first-class band. To return to our walk, however: mounting yet above the waterfall you pass strangely-shaped farmhouses, built against the rising ground, so that at the

front you walk in at the basement, and at the back you step into the garret, you go through the little village of Schönwald, the watershed of the Rhine and the Danube, celebrated for its "air cure." The Germans are so eminently practical that they do not like to be idle without some ostensible reason, and so most of their holiday resorts are famed for some species or other of *Kur*, be it fir-cone baths, or pine-scented air, thick mud baths, or mawkish chalybeate waters. Having decided upon what specific *Kur* his constitution needs, the German goes through the prescribed *régime* with all that discipline and attention to detail which characterises his military or official career. This particular *Kur* is situated at a height of 3,500 feet, and affords splendid views and unlimited walks in every direction. Once over the crest of the hill you descend rapidly to the village of Furtwangen, interesting from the fact that close by was the birthplace of the first Black Forest clock 220 years ago. Furtwangen is a fair type of a large Forest village, being composed of one long street, with inns, houses, and cottages of every style and description, with the most primitive of shops, and lighted by rough oil lamps, swung across the street on chains. After a lunch on famous white soup and capital cutlets, washed down with a bottle of table wine—it is both safe and economical to choose the wine of the district—the journey is resumed, and another hill breasted for an ascent. As we get further and further into the heart of the Forest the cottages grow more and more picturesque, and No. 2 from a photograph by the writer shows the general type of the peasants' dwellings hereabouts. The few folk you meet all invariably greet you with a *morgen, tag, or abend*, according to the hour, whether before or after noon, or after 3 P.M., and, should you need to inquire the way, will take the greatest possible pains to describe it most minutely, though, as a rule, they have vague ideas of distance, their unit, the *stunde* (officially about three miles), being an "an hour's walk," and varying according to the number of miles the informant can get through in the allotted time. The next village is Güttenbach, again a clock-manufacturing centre, with a brook running through it, which turns many a saw-mill in its course. Here the night may be spent at a delightfully comfortable inn, where the landlord and his family vie with each other in striving to make the guest comfortable, and one and all exhibit the greatest curiosity respecting him and his journey, and in return relate the whole of their family affairs as though he were an intimate friend.

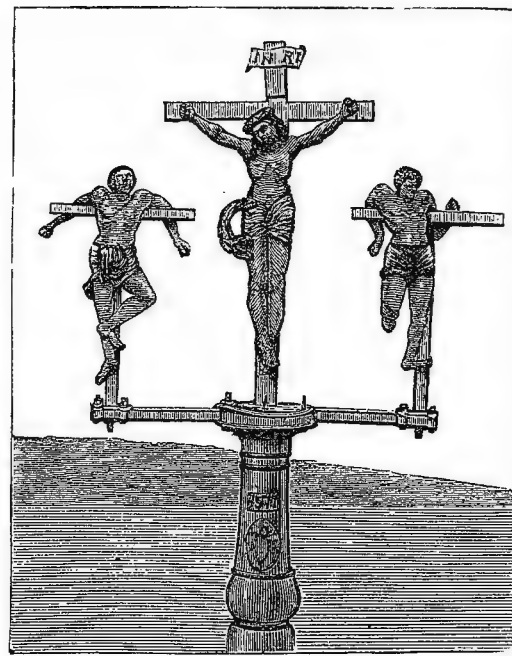
From Güttenbach the descent to the Valley of the Wildgutach is one of the wildest and grandest possible, the view extending for many miles before you, and embracing torrents far and near, distant waterfalls looking like slender threads amid densely pine-covered hills, until at last you reach a richly-cultivated valley, the Simonswälderthal, studded with little hamlets, busy saw mills, and tiny chapels, for the folk about here are eminently pious. At every few steps you meet with a little wooden post, with a glass chamber enclosing a Madonna, and a roughly-painted picture shows that it commemorates some accident from which the donor of the shrine has escaped without any serious injury. Every now and then a larger cross in stone embellishes the road, and occasionally one of the curious crucifixes shown in No. 5, whereupon the whole details of the Crucifixion are portrayed. The summit is surmounted by a cock, grouped around the Saviour is a ladder, a cup, a sponge, chains, and ministering angels. Immediately beneath is the handkerchief of St. Veronica, bearing the imprint of our Saviour's face, and jutting out is a mounted Roman soldier, with a lance; below are clubs and scourges, a whipping-post, an undivided garment, and the dice with which the Roman soldiers cast lots, and then on each side come the figures of two patron saints. The Schwarzwalders are essentially superstitious, their churches are filled with waxen and other models, not only of human arms and legs, but of pigs, cows, and horses, placed on the walls in gratitude for divers cures of those animals. In one church near Triberg there is a sacred brown Madonna, and the writer seriously offended a seller of relics by calling her "black." "The Black Virgin is Swiss," the Schwarzwald Mütter Gott is brown," was the indignant reply. To come back to the Simonswald Valley: the best time for this walk is Sunday morning, when the peasants may be seen taking their walks abroad in their best costumes, shown in our illustrations. That of the centre damsel, however, depicts the marriage headdress of a St. Georgen maiden, and sparkles with gaudy glass beads, the hat on the left resembles the headgear of a Welsh woman, and is of straw, while that on the right is studded with bright-coloured balls of worsted. Straw-plaiting is the staple feminine industry of the Black Forest, and every peasant-girl you meet is busily twisting long wisps of straw as she saunters by. Such are a few of the features of one walk in the Black Forest, and a score of such might be taken by any one whose knowledge of German extends to the numerals and a dozen culinary phrases. From Freiburg, of which the magnificent cathedral and the old Merchants' Hall are shown in our illustrations, a splendid walk or drive may be taken through the Höllethal, one of the finest valleys in Europe, as its name would imply. In summer a détour should certainly be made to Höchenschwand, the highest village in the Forest, famed for its magnificent view of the Alps. The church, which is a revered resort of the



CHURCH AT HÖCHENSCHWAND

neighbouring villagers, is shown in the above cut, and is a type of the usual style of ecclesiastical architecture in the Forest. Hence the tourist can work his way down to the Falls of the Rhine at Neuhausen, the view of which was photographed from the well-known Schweizerhof. The painted house depicted, called Zum Ritter, is in Schaffhausen, and dates from an early period; while going a little further still up the Rhine the curious cross shown in the accompanying cut is situated in the Lake of Constance, midway between the picturesque island of Mainau and the mainland. The date on the cross, which is of bronze, is 1577, and there is a legend that once, when sacrilegious

hands had removed it, a terrible plague raged on the island and in the neighbourhood until the guardian figures had been restored to their places. One further remark about the Black Forest, and we have done. We have said that the Schwarzwalders are godly; they



OLD BRONZE CRUCIFIX IN LAKE CONSTANCE

are also, we should think, one of the most cleanly peoples in Europe, while there are absolutely no beggars. The Schwarzwalders are hard-working peasants and farmers, and pauperism is an unknown evil. Throughout our trip we were never asked for a pfennig, but ten minutes after crossing the Swiss frontier we were at once accosted by half-a-dozen wretched-looking objects, all stretching forth their hands for the inevitable five-centime piece. One boy cried bitterly as we passed, ostensibly for no reason whatever. As soon as he thought we were out of hearing, his sobs ceased, and his face was once more wreathed in the traditional smile of the dirty but "merrie Swiss boy."

T. H. J.



MR. TREADWELL'S "Martin Luther" (Marcus Ward) is a great falling off from Mr. Besant's "Whittington" and Professor Palmer's "Haroun Alraschid," and several other volumes of "The New Plutarch." His style is trying. The Editors explain that he is an American; but when we come upon phrases like "singing his way some," we feel the explanation was needless. Educated Americans, however, are not given to talk of "knights in full regalia," and of "such convergent influences tending to nationalise and make great Germany." "Ad timore Dei" and "a message from Zurich to the State of Valois" are, perhaps, printer's mistakes; but "they grew like forest trees from the Olive to the North Sea" is puzzling. We wish Mr. Treadwell had never read Carlyle or Emerson, and had been taught that German inversions are destructive of plain English. Style apart, what he says is well enough; and he has gone zealously and conscientiously to the fountain head instead of merely copying the copyists. His appendix contains the cream of the original documents; and little out-of-the-way facts crop up in almost all his chapters. His general treatment of the subject is judicious and discriminating. He sees Luther's weaknesses—the mischief done by the "Address to the Nobles," for instance, and readily acknowledges the great falling-off in his later writings, much of which he characterises as "frivolous and weak." He is, perhaps, too fond of exalting German heroism at the expense of "the carpet knights of Italy;" but his work is so well done as to make us regret that it is marred by the uncouth and eccentric phrases of which we have given a sample.

Two more fascinating volumes than "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War" (Blackwood: Edinburgh and London) we have not met with for a long time. Miss Gordon Cumming was with Lady Gordon in Fiji. She had been there two years, and had written "At Home in Fiji," when she got the very tempting offer of a trip with the Roman Catholic Bishop of Samoa, who was going the round of his diocese. On board the *Seignelay* she visited not Samoa only, but Tonga, and many other islands, winding up with Tahiti, to which the whole of her second volume is devoted. She tells us about the islands as they are, and also tells the marvellous story of how their inhabitants were Christianised. Even those who are best read in the history of missions will be delighted with her summary of the labours of Williams and Turner and their fellow-workers. One great help to success was the self-denial with which the different religious bodies divided the field, the London missionaries going one way, the Wesleyans another. At Samoa it is quite otherwise; and there, also, besides the rivalry of the Churches, political disputes, fomented by a great German trading-house, are rife. On these, and on the policy of France in meddling with the Austral and Hervey groups, Miss Cumming makes some trenchant comments. Her illustrations are very beautiful; "The Diadem," a Tahitian mountain at the head of a park-like dale, makes us long to go there. It is curious that trilithons of squared stones, at least as large as those at Stonehenge, are found in some groups, notably in the Friendly Isles. We are glad Miss Cumming speaks up bravely for Missions, and is uncompromising in her abhorrence of sandalwood gatherers, "beach combers," and other devils' missionaries. Even the murder of Williams at Erromanga was a reprisal for a brutal outrage by white sailors.

We have all heard a good deal about the "British North Borneo Association, Limited," of which Mr. Dent, the great China merchant, is the chief promoter. For the nominal rent of 4,000 dollars the Sultan of Brunei has ceded to this new East India Company broad lands and vast privileges, and those who wish to be persuaded to take shares had better read Mr. Joseph Hatten's "New Ceylon" (Chapman and Hall), a thoroughly rose-tinted view of the undertaking and its prospects. "European planters (he assures us) can start work to-morrow with as much security as though in an English county." But, inasmuch as two pages before he had remarked that "the Bajans are ready to help us with their creeses, and the Sooloos also," English must, we fancy, be a misprint for Irish; and then the Bajans with their creeses may stand for the police with their bayonets, while the Sooloos will answer very well





Getting out  
the Tuflers

A Meet on the Moor



"GONE AWAY"

Huntsman  
racing to  
stop the  
tuflers

To run,

The Harbours assures the Master that he's big enough



A Ford







for Emergency men. The idea is to bring in unlimited labour in the shape of Chinese, who, being opium-eaters, will largely swell the revenue, perhaps will help us by and by to settle our old difficulty with China. Mr. Hatton speaks throughout as one having authority. Java, for instance, he is sure is a model of good management; the Dutch get a huge income from it, and yet the people are "the richest peasantry in the East." Probably Mr. Hatton never heard of a book called "Max Havelaar;" though, even if he had, it would not have altered his faith in Mr. J. W. B. Money. One thing is clear; it is much better to "manage a colony" even as harshly as the Dutch are said to do than to leave the natives to the mercy of the unscrupulous, irresponsible trader. Old John Company fleeced the Hindoos, but he would not let anybody else fleece them. We wonder if Dent and Co. look forward to a Clive for Borneo, and an Assaye. Such things may be; while, as to financial success, none should know better than Mr. Dent the vicissitudes of Eastern trade. Mr. Hatton boasts of the plank-sawing at Polo; but, though Borneo is the land of forests, the Company must at once begin "conserving," or else unchecked plank-sawing will soon leave the island-continent as bare as West Cornwall.

"The Electorate and the Legislature" (Macmillan) is Mr. Spencer Walpole's contribution to the excellent "English Citizen" series. The book is a succinct history of Parliament, based on the works of Hallam, of Sir Erskine May, and of Mr. Stubbs. The contrasts are often highly amusing between Parliament as it is, when we are deluged with speeches out of Session, and Parliament as it was, when good memories like Mr. Woodfall's stood instead of shorthand, and when the *Gentleman's Magazine* and the *St. James's Chronicle* evaded the law against publishing debates by calling their reports the proceedings of Lilliput or Utopia. Mr. Walpole's hopes about the extinction of bribery are not over sanguine, and there is no doubt he is right, in his suggestive chapter on "Order and Obstruction," in saying that several well-meant rules have had the effect of encouraging the ever-growing tendency to talk. His parallel between George III. and Wilkes and Hipparchus and Harmodius is striking and, we think, original. In each case the scoundrel has been honoured because his cause was identified with that of freedom. "The policy is at least unfortunate which holds up to reproach rulers like George III. and Hipparchus and turns characters like Wilkes and Harmodius into heroes." Mr. Walpole finds the germ of the House of Lords in the *Wilan*, and yet he is strongly in favour of an elective instead of an hereditary peerage. His chapter on "Private Bills" shows the care with which the whole book is put together.

Comets which may give such a fillip to the sun as to provoke him to turn the earth into a cinder; rents in the cloudy envelopes (some 4,000 miles thick) of those still incandescent masses Jupiter and Saturn; the teaching of the Great Pyramid; and the connection between sun spots and financial panics, are mixed up in Mr. Proctor's "Familiar Science Studies" (Chatto and Windus) with a talk about "the fifteen puzzle," and chapters on lotteries, betting, and gambling, and on photographing a galloping horse. All the essays are marked with the grandiloquence of which we complained when reviewing another of Mr. Proctor's books. Nevertheless he has so chosen his subjects as to give something for every class of readers. We are glad that he points out the trickery which underlies the seeming fairness of the *rouge et noir* table, and that he proves betting, when you know more about the horse than the man who takes your bet does, to be as bad as playing with clogged dice. We are glad, too, that though he talks a deal of wordy stuff about the Pyramids, he does not wholly give in to the dreams of Professor Piazzi Smith. He might, however, have learnt from him how to spell "Cainite."

One would have thought that "Peep of Day" and a host of similar books made Mrs. Morton's "From the Beginning" (Hatchards) unnecessary. The difference, she explains, between her and others is that she tells the Bible stories "in their entirety," and that she has tried to keep as much as possible to the words of Scripture while suiting her language to the capacity of little children. How far she has succeeded may be judged from the following: "But, ah! what is that upon the ground, lying so still? They go after it with a dreadful fear in their hearts—it is their own dear Abel. And he is dead, quite dead, cold and stiff," &c. All this may be like Gessner; it is certainly not like Genesis.

Considerable attention is paid to the collection and arrangement of statistical information in the Australasian colonies, and in none more so than in the colony of Victoria. We have lately received some of the results of the meteorological observations taken at the Melbourne Observatory under the superintendence of Mr. Robert L. J. Ellery, F.R.S., the Government Astronomer of Victoria, and they appear to us to be models of what such tables should be, namely, clear and accurate, and yet not fatiguingly exhaustive. As we recently remarked concerning a similar work emanating from New South Wales, home-staying Englishmen are apt to entertain rather vague and erroneous ideas concerning the Australian climate. A few general remarks about the climate of Victoria, therefore, may not be out of place here. As most people are aware, latitude is the main factor in deciding a climate, but the effects of latitude are greatly modified by other conditions. In some respects Victoria resembles the countries of Southern Europe, but it has peculiarities of its own. To the north there is a desert interior, heated in summer to an extraordinary degree. To the south there is a chilly ocean in which, within a few hundred miles, icebergs are floating during the summer months. Hence the summer temperature of Victoria is greatly dependent on the direction of the wind. A north wind brings intense but dry heat. 110° has been registered in the shade. A south wind invariably brings cool weather, and often weather which would be thought chilly even in an English summer. Hence sudden alternations from heat to cold, such as are unknown in the summers of Spain and Italy. Fortunately, during the summer the wind blows from some southerly point of the compass for three days out of four, and therefore cool weather is the rule. On the other hand, the Victorian winter, on the lowlands, is even milder than that of Southern Europe, owing to the equalising tendency of the adjacent ocean, and the prevalence of northerly over southerly winds. These north winds, though they feel cold in winter, owing to their extreme dryness, really tend to raise the temperature. Thus the coldest month (July) at Melbourne is no colder than a London April; while the warmest month, save for a day or two of hot wind, is little hotter than such a July as we had last year. The interior settlements, however, which are removed from the influence of the sea, and many of which are on elevated ground, have a summer as hot, or even hotter than that of Melbourne, and a much colder winter. At Ballarat and Beechworth, for example, snowstorms are nearly as common as in our south-western counties, and the night-frosts (they rarely hold far into the day) are severe. The rainfall of Victoria is rather greater than that of our south-eastern counties, but then the heat of the sun causes so much evaporation that the colony generally is deficiently watered.

Vol. XXI. of the *édition de luxe* of the works of Charles Dickens (published by Chapman and Hall, Limited, printed by R. Clay, Sons, and Taylor) contains the "Child's History of England," a book which, we venture to think, has been rather underrated by the critics, who seemed disappointed with the author because he did not manifest the qualities of a Grote, or Gibbon, or a Macaulay. To us it seems not unworthy of comparison with Scott's inimitable "Tales of a Grandfather," it is eminently readable, and it is enlivened by its quaint little bits of Dickensian reflection. The illustrations, by Messrs. Marcus Stone and J. McL. Ralston, are good in their way (Mr. Ralston's are the most spirited), but artists might have been found more congenial to the understanding of young folks. Vol.

XXII. is devoted to the first half of "Nicholas Nickleby." Here "Boz" is "on his native heath," and is ably seconded by "Phiz." The mere mention of the title of the book calls up a crowd of immortal characters, such as Squeers, Mantalini, Newman Noggs, John Browdie, Mrs. Nickleby and Kate, the Kenwigses, Mr. Crummles, &c., &c.



## II.

THE *Contemporary* for February is singularly good. "Free Thought—French and English" throws much light on the true nature of that war against the Church in France, which Englishmen with their strong religious feelings, and their dislike of Romanism as a foe to liberty of conscience, are somewhat slow to understand. For the true *libre-penseur* does not war against Rome as a specially corrupt form of a State Church. Lutheranism or Presbyterianism in the same position would be equally opposed by him. The war he wages "is primarily a war against the name and idea of God." Like the priest, he feels that the true field of battle is the school, and the best weapon a catechism. So he, too, has his Longer and Shorter catechism—his "Petit Catechisme du Libre-Penseur," recently licensed *pour le colportage*, and the fuller Catechism, in which M. Edgar Monteil disposes in three sections of God, of Religion, and of Morals, with a cleanness at which our own most advanced Freethinkers would stand aghast. But for particulars we must refer our readers to the article.—Mr. Goldwin Smith, writing from the historic standpoint, inquires of the much more temperate Agnostic "Has Science Yet Found a New Basis for Morality?" Christianity, with its appeal to men's hopes and fears, and "its personal type, or supposed type, of perfection," has indisputably made the world better in the course of eighteen centuries. But what will a Bill Sikes or a Marquis of Steyne say if he is told that (though all Theistic dogmas may be cast aside) in cases where "there is a question between the life and pleasure of the social organism and his life and pleasure the claims of the social organism must rank first?" Will he not answer that "the promptings of Nature" all point the other way?—Mr. W. H. Mallock, in a clever, but altogether too wordy paper on "The Functions of Wealth," shows how large fortunes really act as elevating and civilising agencies—creating new wants and introducing new refinements which are reflected back upon the lives of the community.—The Duke of Argyll begins a series of papers on "Agricultural Depression," and the Chamberlain of London urges, with some show of reason, that the question of "The Municipal Government of London" would best be settled by the erection of the ten Parliamentary boroughs outside the City into independent municipalities, with a Central Corporation over all for business affecting the whole of the metropolis.

Three famous names appear this month among the contributors to the *Century*—Longfellow in a fine poem on "Thrice Great Hermes," Emerson in a wise essay on "Superlatives," and the late Dean Stanley in a critical paper on "Frederick Robertson;" a paper possibly somewhat over-warm, but very interesting as a record of the impression made by Robertson's sermons on one who as a boy had sat under Arnold, and had listened as a young man to J. H. Newman.—Among the other papers we must be content to notice "Brother Stolz's Beat," a capital account of the Moravian settlements 130 years ago in Pennsylvania; and "G. W. Cable," a memoir, with a portrait, of a new and strikingly original American novelist.

In *Harper's* "A Clever Town Built by Quakers"—so Philadelphia was described by Rudman in 1696—gives some amusing views, a little in the American reporter's vein, of society and fashions in the Quaker City, and of a certain Old-World atmosphere surrounding all, through which we catch murmurs of "Assembly Balls" and "people of good position;" for Philadelphia still rates "position" above literature or commerce. Indeed, the "old quarter" has hardly yet forgiven one of its *élite* for taking to poetry as an occupation.—Lovers of tales of wrecks and rescues will find rich food in a good article on the "American Life-Saving Service," the Transatlantic counterpart of our own "Life-Boat Institution," but in the "States" a well-organised Government department; and "French Political Leaders" will prove attractive for the capital illustrations even more than for the text.

In the *Atlantic* a pathetic legend of the "Bay of Seven Islands" is told in graceful verse by Greenleaf Whittier; "Studies in the South, Part II.," introduce some novel types of the Southern negro after the War, and of the bitter Southern "Republican" who cannot yet forget what he endured in the days of Confederate ascendancy; and "Some Traits of Bismarck," by Herbert Tuttle, make us wonder how much in Bismarck's later career may not be due to the breaking-up of an iron constitution and secret doubt of the permanency of his work.

In the *North American* Mr. Rice argues ably for a Government monopoly of the national highways as the best "Remedy for Railway Abuses" in the great Republic of the West.

In *Macmillan's* Dr. Lyon Playfair's "Industries of the United States in Relation to the Tariff" arrives, not quite convincingly, at the pleasing conclusion that their protective system, by raising the cost of production, prevents Americans from rivalling us in foreign markets; and Mr. Loftie sends from Egypt some valuable notes on the royal mummies found last summer at Thebes, and now housed in a wretched little building which a "high Nile" may any year sweep away.

To the ever-readable *Gentleman's* Dutton Cook contributes from his seemingly exhaustless gallery of theatrical celebrities a pleasing portrait of "Anne Oldfield," the "fair Narcissa" of Pope's well-known lines; and Mr. Walford the "Biography of an Eccentric Parson," the once-famous Sir Henry Bate-Dudley, first editor of the *Morning Post* and founder of the *Morning Herald*, *littérateur*, parson-squire, man of fashion and duellist—in this last character, we believe, one of the very few in whom "Fighting Fitzgerald" found his match.

Of the lighter magazines *Belgravia*, besides its two good serials, has a charming sketch of "Mabie," a pet marmoset, and a short paper on "Old City Squares," in which we at last have found things we did not know before; *Tinsley*, a great variety of papers, some good, all tolerable; among the rest some welcome reminiscences of poor Clarence Mangan; *Time*, a further instalment of the late Grenville-Murray's "Five Years in a Convent," and some agreeable short papers, of which "Present Day Aspects of Paris" and "The Story of Old Newgate" please us as well as any; and the *New Monthly*, a fair serial, "Reuben Wilkins."

The *Antiquary* and the *Bibliographer* are both good numbers. A second chapter of Moncreu Conway's "Wood-cutters of the Netherlands" in the latter; in the former a paper by Professor Hales on the allusions in our literature to the observances of "St. Valentine's Day" in "merry England," may specially be noted. The *cultus* of the good Bishop as the patron saint of lovers—his festival falling in the month when birds begin to pair—had its stronghold in England and Northern France, nor was it till the eighteenth century that its grave and ceremonious usages sunk down to an exchange of compliments between boys and girls.

The *Manchester Quarterly*, a new journal of Literature and Art, published for the Manchester Literary Club, has more than one readable paper—"Gipsy Folk-Tales" and "A Summer Day at

Concord" are perhaps the best—and two very pretty autotype illustrations. The greatest drawback seems a certain slightness.

From the *Theatre*, *All the Year Round*, *Good Words*, *St. Nicholas*, *Household Words* we can only instance the amusing "Symposium" in the first-named, wherein Mr. Pinero vehemently repels the charge of plagiarism, and Mr. Dutton Cook can only admit that the plagiarism may have been unintentional, an example, in fact, of "unconscious cerebration;" from the second the striking "Traveller's Tales" of Eastern romance; and from *Good Words* Mr. Hare's "Sicilian Days" and Mrs. Garnett's rambles in "The Mountain Homes of the Vaudois."



"THE SQUIRE'S HEIR," by Ralph Neville (2 vols.: W. H. Allen and Co.), is constructed on what may be called the dioramic principle. The scenes and characters depend for effect upon their separate merits, while the thin thread of story which professes to connect them corresponds to the lecture of the showman who is obliged to bring, say, a view of the Rocky Mountains and a picture of the death of Julius Caesar into some sort of association. The opening scenes are really interesting, and not without considerable freshness, although they refer to such familiar ground as Ireland, not of the Land League, but of the Whiteboys, and of the hedge schoolmaster, and of the illicit still. The hero makes his first appearance as a "poor scholar," and in this capacity sees a good deal of more or less savage life, including a secret meeting of rebels. The picture slides off, and has no reference whatever to the hero's next appearance as a Bar-student in London. Here, again, we are introduced to appropriate sketches of his life in that capacity, until, for no dramatic reason, he enters the French Army, wherein he rises to the rank of Colonel. Returning to England, a British subject who has served with the enemies of his country naturally gets into trouble—indeed, he was on the point of being shot by sentence of a Court-Martial when temporary peace brought him a reprieve. The story is not worth mentioning, for the reason already given. It is to be read for its carefully-rendered studies of some of the most picturesque scenes of its period. These are well done on the whole, and rather gain in effect from the resemblance of the novel to the fiction of the good old times before psychology was invented.

In "White and Red" (2 vols.: Kerby and Edean), J. R. Henslowe offers us somewhere about the thousand and first romance of the Reign of Terror. The reader of a few of the other thousand will make a very good guess at what this means, and will not guess wrong. We are far from saying that the great Revolution which opens modern history has been exhausted by novelists—quite the contrary. But they have for the most part chosen to work in one groove, and J. R. Henslowe has made no new departure. He has no doubt read his Carlyle and his Lamartine, and has, in the usual manner, showed his admiration by watering their spirit out of them. It is really extraordinary that people should choose such a mountain of a subject for the stage of stories which cannot hope to compete in interest with one real incident of the time. A storm in a tea-cup is preferable to a fuss over a tea-cup in a thunder-storm. Still, of the sort of thing, "White and Red" is by no means an unfavourable specimen. The story is not exceptionally weak, and is certainly, in the matter of writing, above the average. There is too much of the representation of good French by what is supposed to be French-English, and of the affectation of not knowing that the English language contains exact equivalents of the words *mon* and *père*. But this is a universal note of Reign of Terror novels.

"Bonnie Dunraven: A Story of Kilkerrick," by Victor O'Donovan Power (2 vols.: Remington and Co.), tells how a young woman named Anna Wylde, in order to hide herself from her husband, made him think her dead, thus rendering it highly likely that he would fall in love with and marry somebody else in the most innocent possible way. Unhappily, however, just as he is going to propose to Bonnie Dunraven, she crosses his path, and he—who is a creature of destiny—throws her into the sea, and then proceeds as if nothing had happened. Once more she lets him think he has murdered her, but once more turns up in time to save him from bigamy. He goes to the West Indies, while Bonnie marries a better man, and takes Anna to live with her. The plot is hardly a happy one, and will be judged, even from this meagre sketch of it, to contain a few hopeless obstacles in the way of sympathetic interest which have not been surmounted or evaded. The no account taken of Paul Earncliffe's attempt to murder his wife, either by himself or by anybody concerned, is very odd indeed when contrasted with the view taken of his most unintentional progress towards bigamy, for which Anna's inexcusable folly was alone to blame. On the whole, the novel is not above the average—we should have said of young ladies' novels, but for the uncompromisingly masculine name of the author. But it has some passages of description, especially in speaking of the sea, which are certainly above the average in grace and feeling, if not in strength. Mr. Power could, we think, do better with a better story.

Ought "Only a Twelvemonth; or, the County Asylum" (1 vol.: Marcus Ward and Co.), to be included among New Novels? Its preface declares it to be "the record of a personal experience of a County Asylum." "The author," we read, "has communicated to the publishers the real name of the place where she suffered, with other particulars, which for obvious reasons it is necessary to suppress. The book is, in fact, another contribution to the long list of indignant protests against the laws which permit the incarceration of an unfortunate person on the suspicion of a general practitioner and the approval of an expert." Nothing can be more ill-advised than to tell a true story under the form of fiction. Half its incidents will be suspected of over-colour, if not entirely disbelieved. It is the function of this column to discuss what purports to be fiction, as fiction—that is to say, as a branch of art. As a work of art, "Only a Twelvemonth" is not worth noticing at all. Its entire interest wholly depends upon its being absolutely and literally true. If it be true, at least one County Asylum is a hell upon earth, its principal criminally incompetent, and its subordinate officials brutally inhuman. The name of the asylum ought to be known, in justice to institutions that are nothing of the kind. As to the law under which any two medical men are entrusted with an absolute power over personal liberty, that is a question on which personal feeling must not be allowed a single word. The publication of "Only a Twelvemonth" is unquestionably a mistake. If the tale be true, its form throws it open to suspicion: if it be fictitious in any degree, as its form implies, it is much more unjustifiable. In either case it amounts to an anonymous attack upon an anonymous institution—a proceeding which needs not to be further discussed.

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of an hour, will certainly cure the most obstinate of  
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says, "only to make known the healing properties of  
GLYKALINE, and so to confer a boon on the suffering  
human race."

**GLYKALINE** is the surest and  
speediest Remedy, and all who suffer from  
obstructed breathing should use it. In bottles, 1s. 1½d.,  
2s. 9d., and 5s. 6d. By post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Sold by all  
Chemists. Full directions with each bottle.

**NEURALINE,**  
THE APPROVED SPECIFIC,  
Cures (and instantly relieves) Toothache, Neuralgia,  
and Nerve Pains.

**NEURALINE** is recognised as a  
reliable Specific in cases of Rheumatism, Gout,  
and corresponding disorders. It relieves INSTANTANE-  
OUSLY, and will be found invaluable to all who are  
afflicted.

**NEURALINE** never fails to give  
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As a sure specific against Nerve Pains it is deservedly  
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the following letter from Mr. Edgar, of Butt Light-  
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It proved the MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY SHE HAD  
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**LEATH and ROSS'S COLUMN.**

**GLYKALINE,**  
THE APPROVED SPECIFIC,  
Cures Coughs, Colds, Catarrhs, and Respiratory  
Affections.

**GLYKALINE** effectually relieves  
Disorders of the Mucous Membrane, so prevalent  
in the winter, averts Diphtheria, and unfailingly clears  
the bronchial tubes. By its use Colds are cured in a  
few hours. As a most efficacious remedy, GLYKA-  
LINE is unparelleled.

**INDEPENDENT TESTIMONIAL**  
to GLYKALINE.

"TAISON ROUGE," writing in *Vanity Fair*, under  
date March 17, 1877, says: "This medicine has the  
valuable property of CURING cold in the head. The  
man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague  
ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human  
race. The other morning I awoke with the feeling of a  
general oppression, the certain precursor of a catarrh.  
I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed-  
for remedy. BEFORE NIGHT I WAS CURED. It is a  
colourless, tasteless fluid, called GLYKALINE." The  
unsolicited correspondent of *Vanity Fair* bears testi-  
mony that three drops of the Specific, taken at intervals  
of an hour, will certainly cure the most obstinate of  
colds. He writes disinterestedly, "desiring," as he  
says, "only to make known the healing properties of  
GLYKALINE, and so to confer a boon on the suffering  
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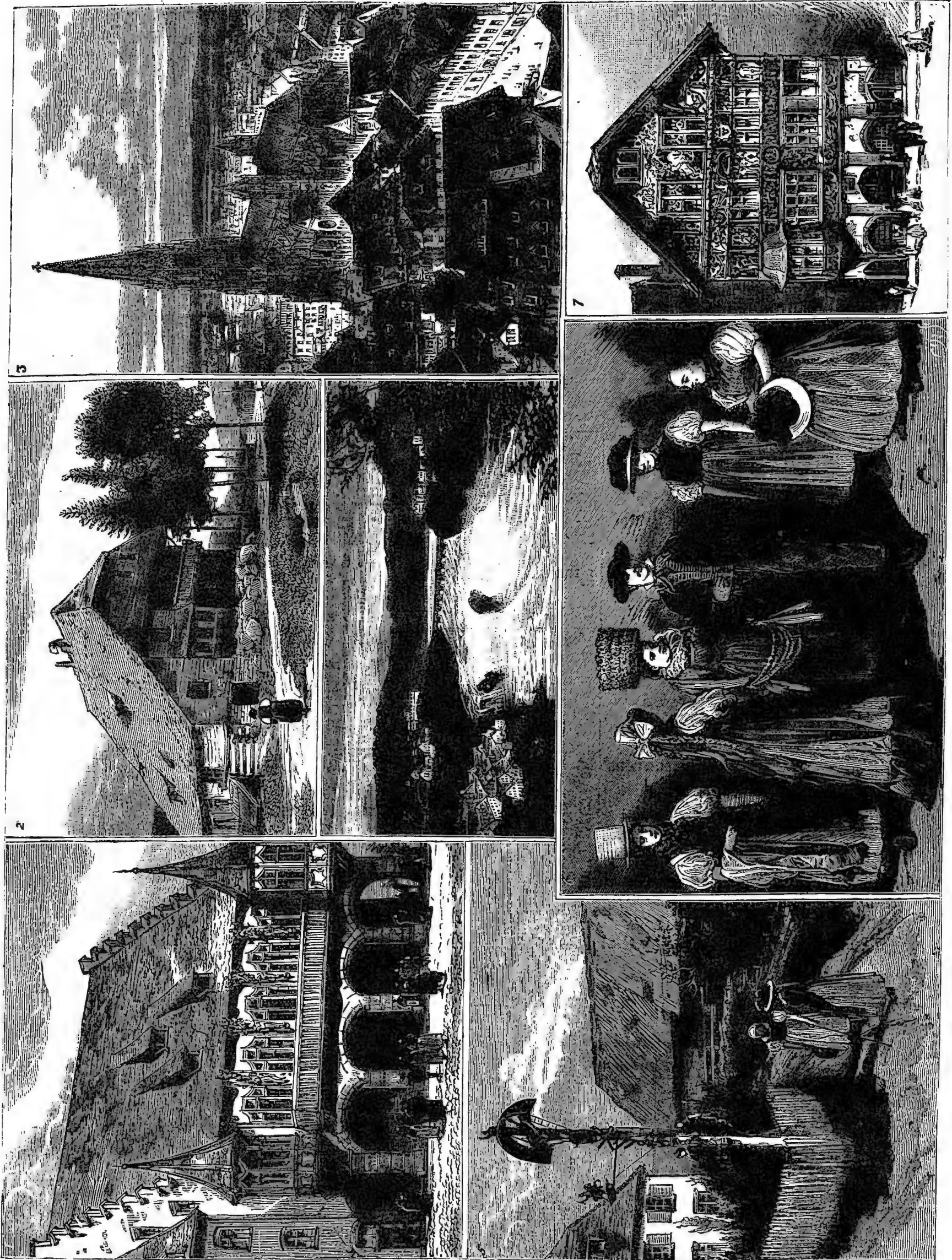
**AUROSINE,**  
THE APPROVED SPECIFIC,  
Preserves the Hands, the Skin, and the Lips.

**AUROSINE** quickly removes Chaps,  
Unsightliness, and Roughness of Skin, effects of  
sea-air, &c., and (especially in Winter) protects the  
exposed cuticle from atmospheric attacks and the in-  
fluences of exposure. It renders the surface of the  
skin beautifully smooth; imparts suppleness, whiteness,  
and the natural hue of health, while in no degree  
impeding the pores, but, on the contrary, AUROSINE  
is pleasant to use and agreeable in its perfume, while  
colourless and not greasy. In bottles, 1s.; by post,  
1s. 4d.

**ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE,**  
A LIQUID DENTIFRICE,  
The Best Elixir for the Teeth and Gums.

This elegant and approved preparation may be used  
in all confidence. It cleanses and whitens the Teeth,  
guards them against decay, improves and preserves the  
gum, and hardens the Gums, while benefiting their  
colour. As an astringent, antiseptic, and detergent,  
the Tincture is widely esteemed and in increasing  
demand. It effectually disguises the odour of Tobacco.  
In bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s.





1. The Merchants' Hall, Freiburg.—2. House on the Road from Furtwangen to Gutenbach.—3. The Cathedral, Freiburg.—4. The Falls of the Rhine, Neuhausen.—5. Crucifix in the Simonswald Valley.—6. Some Costumes of the Black Forest.—7. Painted House, Schaffhausen.

IN AND ABOUT THE BLACK FOREST





MRS. LANGTRY AS MISS HARDCASTLE IN "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"





**FRANCE.**—As usual, after a great Ministerial storm, there is a lull in political circles. If the truth be told, also, a great feeling of relief pervades the country at large. The Government of M. Gambetta represented an essential *Ministère du combat*. The Conservatives were to be checkmated with *Scrutin de liste*, the magistracy were to be reformed by the abolition of life appointments, the Senate was to be reduced to a nonentity, the clergy were to be completely subordinated to Government influence, private enterprise was to be checked by the Government purchase of railways; and whole some as many of these reforms were undoubtedly considered, the programme was regarded as somewhat too weighty to be carried out at one and the same time. However, people dreaded the continual parliamentary battles and consequent crises which would unquestionably have attended the attempt. M. Freycinet's Cabinet, on the contrary, is looked upon eminently as a "Ministry of Conciliation." M. Freycinet himself is essentially popular, and to commercial and financial circles the name of M. Léon Say is especially grateful. An era of comparative peace and quietude is accordingly looked for, *pace* M. Gambetta, who does not appear willing to sit down and bear his defeat patiently, for he has resumed the editorship of the *République Française*, and has been roundly rating his opponents and criticising the new Ministry in no measured terms. On Monday the Radicals asked M. de Freycinet his intention with regard to the Revision scheme, and were answered that while not abandoned, the measure was postponed for the present. After commenting upon certain constitutional technicalities, the premier remarked that in its recent vote the Chamber was guided rather by the wish to overthrow or maintain the late Cabinet than by any anxiety for or against the Revision resolution, and consequently the view expressed on that occasion was no criterion of its actual feeling. The Government then carried an order of the day, expressing confidence in the declaration of the Cabinet, and "its firm desire to accomplish the reforms expected, of which the revision of the constitutional laws form part," by the telling majority of 287 to 66. On Tuesday M. Paul Bert introduced the three measures which he had prepared when in office, and for one, that on Elementary Education, he demanded and obtained urgency.

In PARIS the dreaded settling day on the Bourse passed off far better than had been expected, the Rothschilds and other bankers coming not only to the aid of the licensed brokers, but to the "coulistiers," or outsiders, who in a great measure were thus enabled to weather the storm. The panic has now fairly subsided, and the loss to the country, instead of being calculated by milliards, is only estimated by millions—say a round sum of 20,000,000. M. Bontoux, the Chairman of the Union Générale, and M. Feder, the Manager, were arrested last week, and are now imprisoned in the Conciergerie. They have been duly interrogated, and have indulged in violent altercations and recriminations, M. Bontoux declaring that he knew nothing of business, and had only been chosen Chairman because "he was an honest man," and laying the whole responsibility upon the executive management.—There is little other news either political or social. The negotiations for the English Treaty of Commerce are still proceeding, while the Egyptian crisis has called forth innumerable comments and opinions ranging from the *National*, which recommends that *Perfidie Albion* should be left to settle the matter herself, to the *Débats*, which foresees that Europe will have to come to a common agreement to ward off the dangers of Pan-Islamism.—The Queen's Speech has been bountifully commented on with regard to the passage relating to Egypt. Its vagueness has been universally remarked, and the general opinion expressed is that the British Government has no settled plan, and that its action will be guided by the course of events. The friendship expressed for France, however, is duly appreciated. Lord Granville's utterances have excited similar comments. A *Havas* Note highly praises them, and the *Débats* construes them into betraying reluctance for intervention, and a desire for the co-operation of all the Powers." This, it may be said, is decidedly the feeling generally prevalent in France, in whose memory the lessons of the Tunis expedition are still fresh.

**EGYPT.**—As had been expected, the Chamber of Notables and Cherif Pasha could not come to an agreement respecting the terms of the Constitution. After the latter had declined to sign the draft propounded by the Chamber, a deputation had an audience with the Khedive, who at once called the English and French Consuls-General into consultation. The result was the resignation of Cherif and the formation of a new Ministry more in accordance with the feeling of the Notables, and particularly of the real arbiters of Egyptian affairs, Arabi Pasha and the War party. The two points in dispute were, firstly, the right of the Chamber not merely to countersign the Budget Estimates, but to control them, and vote them irrespective of any modifications which the European controllers might think necessary; secondly, the responsibility of the Cabinet and Government officials on all points to the Chamber. These demands Cherif firmly declined to concede, and thence the crisis. The Khedive having requested the Chamber to submit a list of the new Ministry to him, they selected the following, which he duly confirmed. Mahmoud Baroudi Pasha as Prime Minister, Mustapha Fehmi Pasha as Foreign Minister, Mahmoud Fehmi Bey as Minister of Public Works, Ali Sadek Pasha as Minister of Finance, Arabi Bey as Minister of War, Abdallah Fahri Pasha as Minister of Public Instruction, and Hassan Cherei Pasha as Minister of Vakoufs. Mahmoud Baroudi lost no time in putting forth a pacific programme, visited the Consuls-General, and assured them that his Cabinet would respect all international obligations. It is manifest, however, that a great crisis is pending in Egypt. The real Prime Minister is not Mahmoud Baroudi but Arabi Pasha, who with the whole army and the National party at his back, and with the undoubted general support of the Sultan, is the veritable ruler of Egypt. Of course, there are the wildest rumours and speculations abroad, rumours that Arabi has a firman in his pocket in which he can proclaim himself Khedive when he pleases, and speculations that at any moment he may effect this—whether the firman exists or not—by a *coup d'état*. The supposition that the Khedive was a privy party to the recent joint Note of England and France, in order to overawe the Nationalist Party, has certainly hastened the action of Arabi and the Notables, and there is no doubt that the Pan-Islamist movement, due both to the aggressive policy of France in Tunis, and to the ambitious and diplomatic intrigues of the present Sultan, has received a great impetus through Arabi's manifest energy and ability. Arabi is not of the usual Pasha type, and the existence of a competent leader is quite sufficient to rouse the long-dormant fires of Mussulman fanaticism and the hatred of European interference and domination.

In TURKEY the crisis is being watched with the most intense interest. With regard to the recent Anglo-French Note, the Russian, German, Austrian, and Italian Embassies have intimated verbally that their respective Governments denied that the *status quo* in Egypt should be maintained in accordance with existing treaties and the firmans now in force, adding significantly that any modification would require the assent of all the Great Powers. The Sultan, it is said, was greatly annoyed at being termed the "Suzerain" instead of the "Sovereign" of Egypt—a pretty clear sign of his feelings.

**AUSTRIA, RUSSIA, AND THE HERZEGOVINA.**—The Delegations have been closed, after being warmly thanked for their co-operation by the Government, whose entire energy is now devoted to grappling with and crushing the insurrection. Matters have been still further complicated by the discovery of a disloyal agitation amongst the Ruthenes, who form the bulk of the population of the eastern half of Galicia. The movement is in a great measure considered due to Russian Pan Slavist intrigues, and this belief is strengthened by the facts that a whole Ruthene village has gone over to the Orthodox Greek Church; that there are only three millions of Ruthenes in Austria to fourteen millions in Russia; and by the violent Pan Slavist speech recently made by General Scobelev. Though M. de Giers has officially apologised to Austria for these utterances, they have had very considerable and widespread unofficial effect, and this has been heightened by the knowledge that the General, from his Nationalist opinions, is a trusted councillor of the Czar, who has repeatedly shown his gratitude to Scobelev for having advocated his pet doctrine of Russia for the Russians, and for having protested against the introduction of European innovations both in military and in social circles. Moreover there are numerous statements that the Russians are actively concentrating their troops in Bessarabia and the south, and that Russian officers declare that war is ultimately inevitable.

To turn to the scene of conflict, the insurgents are actively carrying on their warfare in that guerilla method pursued by all mountaineers, and with which regular troops find it so difficult to cope. The insurgents fight and run away, and unfailingly return another day, falling upon isolated pickets or small detachments, or firing at the troops when travelling through defiles. On the 3rd instant, however, a more important combat took place across the Drina, near Bastaci and Brod, some stray bodies of insurgents being repulsed after heavy firing, while next day Sasjeno, Karaula Humic, and Brod were attacked by the insurgents in considerable numbers. They, however, were ultimately compelled to retreat. On the 5th inst. Major-General Obadics made various offensive movements against the insurgents, but apparently with little effect. The insurgents, who are estimated to number 10,000, are accused of great barbarity towards their prisoners, whose noses they cut off, after the good old Herzegovinian fashion, while the dead are found hacked and terribly mutilated. The insurrection is exciting great sympathy in MONTENEGRO, where it is now stated that the Prince has been shot at while riding.

In RUSSIA proper an attempt on the life of the Czar is reported; it being stated that several blocks charged with dynamite have been found amongst the fuel intended for the Czar's stove.—England is still being brought to task for holding meetings against the persecution of the Jews, and Lord Shaftesbury and his associates are assured that they are the dupes of political intriguers. In the mean time the various Courts are sitting, and punishing with very slight penalties the thousands of persons accused in taking part in the outrages.—A treaty is stated to have been signed between Russia and Persia for a settlement of the Central Asian frontier common to both Powers. By this document nearly the whole of the Akhal Tekké oasis is to be handed over to Russia.

More detailed accounts of the loss of the *Jeannette* have come to hand, by which we learn that the three boats containing the members of the expedition left Semenovsky Island together on Sept. 12, 1881, bound for Barkin, ninety-five miles away, and although they speedily got clear of ice, were shortly afterwards caught in a violent gale, during which they parted company. The party in the captain's boat landed on September 17th, being obliged to abandon their boat and wade to shore. Here they reached the deserted village, Sagastor, and after a short rest travelled on south. A record signed by Lieutenant de Long on October 1st, states that the party waited in a deserted hut for some days for the Lena to freeze over, in order to reach a settlement on the other side of the river. Although short of provisions they were able to obtain some game, while all were well except one man, whose toes had been amputated for frost-bite. This man died shortly after, according to a subsequent record, which describes the starving condition of the party and the despatch of the two seamen who brought the news of their distress to Bolonenga, after having been found in a miserable state by some natives. The missing travellers were traced to a wilderness on the west bank of the Lena, and Lieutenant Danenhauer reports that a large party were busily searching, but were obliged to dig out everything owing to the deep snow. Lieutenant Danenhauer mentions that his left eye is ruined, and the right one dangerously injured. Meanwhile Mr. Melville, engineer of the *Jeannette*, has decided to divide his search expedition into three parties, all of whom will be in the wilderness by March 1st.

**GERMANY.**—General Scobelev's utterances have excited considerable comment in Germany, and, according to an Austrian paper, the *Presse*, Prince Bismarck instructed the Ambassador to ask for some explanation. M. de Giers, however, replied that he knew nothing of any speech of General Scobelev's, whereupon the Ambassador was at once ordered to intimate that he should have to announce his recall if the Russian Government encouraged any anti-Austrian agitation. Germany, he concluded, considered her interests as identical with those of Austria.

The Church Bill, which is to lessen the severity of the May laws, has been debated in the Prussian Diet, but the speeches have been desultory and with little cosmopolitan interest, save the energetic protest of a Polish deputy against the harsh treatment of his countrymen.—The Emperor has sent Prince Radziwill to Constantinople, to invest the Sultan with the Order of the Black Eagle.—Prince Bismarck is prosecuting Professor Mommsen for libelling him in a recent election speech, in which he appears somewhat freely to have criticised the irascible Chancellor's policy.

**INDIA.**—All appears to be fairly quiet in Afghanistan, and the only news is that the Ameer is ordering the assemblage of a large army at Candahar, though with what exact object does not appear have transpired. The fealty of his followers in the northern provinces is certainly doubtful, and it is not unlikely that an expedition is projected to Turkestan, whose Sirdar has threatened serious troubles. Abdul Kulus, also, at Herat, is not so loyal as the Ameer would desire, while it is far from impossible that Ayoob Khan is meditating yet another attempt to regain his authority.

The Indian Government has resolved to appoint an Imperial Commission of twenty-one members on Education.—The Budget is expected next month. A surplus is thought probable, but it is feared that the obnoxious license tax will be retained, if not extended.—A failure of the crops in Mysore is apprehended.

In BURMAH the Viceroy's protest against the monopolies is stated to be exciting attention at Mandalay, and it is reported that a special mission is to be sent to Calcutta. Other reports, however, affirm that the King entirely neglects all public business, and has not even seen the remonstrance.

**UNITED STATES.**—Guiteau's application for a new trial was refused on Saturday, and Judge Cox passed sentence of death upon the prisoner, who made a violent protest, declaring, "I am not afraid to die. I stand here as God's man. God Almighty will curse every man who had a part in procuring this unrighteous verdict. Nothing but good has come from Garfield's removal, and that will be the verdict of posterity on my inspiration. I would rather a thousand times die in my position than in those who have hounded me to death. I shall have a glorious flight to glory, but that miserable scoundrel Corbhill will have a permanent job down below." The date of the execution is fixed for June 30th, but in the mean time an appeal will be made to the full bench of the Washington Court for arrest of judgment.



THE Queen will leave Osborne next Thursday, when Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice come to London for a short visit. On Friday the Queen will hold the first Drawing Room of the season, and next day will go to Windsor for a month. In March Her Majesty will pay a visit to Mentone, returning to England immediately after Easter. The Queen will maintain a strict *incognito*, so as to be able to secure a few weeks of comparative repose, which, with change of air, are deemed desirable by Her Majesty's physicians. Her Majesty on Saturday went to Osborne Cottage to take leave of the ex-Empress Eugénie, who subsequently left the Cottage for London, Princess Beatrice accompanying the ex-Empress to Portsmouth in the *Alberta*. Next morning the Queen and Princess were present at Divine Service at Osborne, Canon Connor officiating; while in the evening the Canon and Earl Spencer joined the Royal party at dinner. On Monday Her Majesty held a Council, attended by Earls Spencer, Sydney, and Sir W. Harcourt, at which Lord Justice Holker was sworn in a member of the Council, in the place of the late Sir Robert Lush. The Queen has caused a letter to be written in her name to the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, asking whether the Society cannot take some step towards preventing the wilful injuries to animals in Ireland. The Queen has sent Madame Marie Roze a handsome diamond bracelet, in remembrance of the pleasure afforded to Her Majesty when Madame Marie Roze sang to the Queen at Osborne.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have come to town for the season. Before leaving Sandringham, they hunted twice last week with the West Norfolk Hounds, the meet on Saturday taking place at Dersingham; while on Sunday the Prince and Princess and their daughters attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where the Rev. J. Russell preached. Next day the Royal party came up to town, and immediately on their arrival the Prince and Princess visited the Duchess of Cambridge. The Duchess of Teck and the Duke of Edinburgh dined at Marlborough House on Tuesday, and the Prince and Princess afterwards attended the proceedings in the House of Lords and the House of Commons. On Thursday night the Prince and Princess were to be present at the Irish Ballad Concert at the Victoria Hall, Princess Louise and the Duchess of Teck joining the party, and to-night (Saturday), the Prince dines with the members of the Savage Club. Next Friday the Prince and Princess will be present at the ball given by the Hon. Artillery Company. The Prince has summoned for the 28th inst. a meeting at St. James's Palace in advocacy of the scheme for founding a National School of Music, and has become President of the Smithfield Club for 1882. He has ordered a tricycle to be manufactured at Coventry for his own use.—Princes Albert Victor and George left Colombo in the *Bacchante* on Sunday.

The Duke of Edinburgh has concluded his tour of inspection in the north, and after visiting the Mersey and Belfast has returned to Clarence House, where he has been joined by the Duchess, who had been staying during his absence with the Princess Louise at Kensington Palace. On Monday he presided at a meeting of the Committee for the establishment of a National School of Music. The Duke is stated to have composed an operetta to which the Duchess has furnished a Russian plot.—The health of the Duchess of Connaught has lately caused some uneasiness, and she has gone for change of air to Windsor Castle, where the Duke and Duchess occupy apartments in the Lancaster Tower. They were expected at the Castle on Monday, but suddenly decided to go on Sunday afternoon, when they drove over from Bagshot, the Duchess reclining in a half-opened carriage, with Dr. Playfair by her side. Notwithstanding the cold day the Duchess was none the worse for her drive, and is now steadily improving. The drainage at Bagshot is to be thoroughly overhauled.—Prince and Princess Christian remain at Berlin, and on Monday accompanied the Emperor and Empress to the opening of the new City railway, and in the first tour round the city and suburbs.

Prince Leopold's knee is better, and the Prince is expected to leave Arolsen at the end of this week to escort the Princess Hélène to England, travelling in the *Victoria* and *Albert* from Flushing. The eight bridesmaids for the coming Royal Wedding are stated to have been chosen, and include Ladies Constance Campbell and Emyrtrude Russell, daughters of the Dukes of Argyll and Bedford, Ladies Aline Vane-Tempest and J. Conynghame, daughters of the Marquises of Londonderry and Conynghame, and Ladies Eva Greville, and U. Anson, daughters of the Earls of Warwick and Lichfield.

The Empress of Austria arrived in England on Saturday, travelling straight from Vienna to Combermere Abbey, Cheshire. She was out with Sir Watkin Wynn's hounds on Monday, joining the field at Sandford, so as to avoid the crush of the regular meet at Whitechurch, and had a first-rate run. On Wednesday Her Majesty hunted with the North Staffordshire hounds.—The King of Saxony has been invested with the Order of the Garter by the Earl of Fife, who was sent by Queen Victoria to Dresden on a special mission. The investiture was held with great ceremony at the Palace on Tuesday, and Court Festivities have since been given in honour of the members of the mission.—The Queen of Greece has a son, her fifth living child and third son.—Prince Victor, eldest son of Prince Napoleon, has gone to Heidelberg to join the University.



**THE MACKONCHIE CASE.**—The interminable proceedings against Mr. Mackonchie have at length been advanced by one more step; the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, consisting of the Lord Chancellor, Lord Spencer, the Archbishop of York, Lord Blackburn, Lord Watson, Sir Barnes Peacock, Sir James Hannen, and Sir R. Collier, with the Bishops of Durham, Winchester, and Lichfield as assessors, having reversed the decision of Lord Penzance, refusing to pronounce a sentence of "deprivation," asked for by Mr. Martin when he commenced his new suit, instead of attempting to enforce the "suspension" which had been decreed in respect of the former one. The case is therefore again remitted to the Court of Arches; and, unless some new surprise is sprung upon us, we may perhaps some day hear that Mr. Mackonchie, who for the past fifteen years has serenely ignored the various judgments which have been obtained against him, has at last been deprived of his benefice.

**THE NEW BISHOP OF RANGOON.**—The Rev. J. M. Strachan, M.D., has been appointed to the Bishopric of Rangoon, vacant by the resignation of the Right Rev. J. H. Titcomb, D.D. Dr. Strachan, who is an ordained medical man, is a Missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts at Madras, where he is also their Local Secretary.



**THE RELIGIOUS CENSUS.**—The *Nonconformist and English Independent* of last week contained a twelve-page supplement, giving an elaborate analysis and complete summary tables of the statistics relating to the attendance at public worship in about eighty cities, boroughs, and districts in England and Wales which have appeared during the last four months in various local newspapers. From these summaries the following conclusions are arrived at:—The aggregate population of the places specified is 3,629,200; the total religious accommodation is 1,242,890; the total attendances, 1,302,120; the estimated number of separate worshippers, 1,062,521, or 29.5 per cent. of the population. The proportion of worshippers who attended the services of the Established Church was 38.66 per cent., as against 61.34 per cent. of other religious bodies. The only places where the Established Church has a majority of worshippers over all other religious bodies are Portsmouth, Gosport, Bath, Ipswich, and Gloucester. In about 100 small towns and villages, with a total population of 185,236, the total attendances were in the proportion of 42 per cent. Church of England, and 57.8 per cent. for all other religious bodies. The editor announces that in a future number a similar analysis will be made of the returns for Scotland, where the enumerations are still going on.

**A NEW GREEK CHURCH**, erected in the Moscow Road, Bayswater, at a cost of 50,000*l.*, for the use of the Greek community in the metropolis, was on Sunday dedicated to St. Sophia, and consecrated by the Archbishop of Corfu, assisted by the Archimandrites of the Greek Churches in Liverpool and Manchester. The ceremony, which was of a very imposing character, was performed in the presence of a large congregation, amongst whom were Mr. W. H. Gladstone, M.P., representing the Premier; Bishop Tozer, representing the Bishop of London; the Turkish Ambassador, the Greek Chargé d'Affaires, and the Greek Consul-General.

**THE JUBILEE FUND OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION** now amounts to over 100,000*l.* On Tuesday an additional "Jubilee Lecture" was delivered at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, by Mr. H. Richard, M.P.



**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The programme of the last concert was "miscellaneous," comprising three works, which have absolutely nothing in common but their excellence. These were Handel's "Zadok the Priest" (Coronation Anthem for George II.), Gounod's "St. Cecilia" Mass, and Beethoven's *Missa Solenne*, according to the Exeter Hall version, once bearing the title of *Eugeni*—all too familiar to call for anything in the shape of critical remark. The leading singers were Miss A. Williams, Messrs. Joseph Maas and Thorndike, to Mr. Maas falling the difficult recitative and air with which Beethoven's oratorio opens. In consequence of the sudden indisposition of Sir Michael Costa, the whole performance was directed—how ably need not be said—by M. Sainton, his long-trusted first violin, and, from time to time, zealous substitute as conductor. A report, to be presented by the Committee at a special general meeting of the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society (on Tuesday, the 21st inst.), has already been printed and circulated among the friends and well-wishers of the institution. From this report, into the details of which space will not allow us at present to enter, but which it will be our duty to consider on a future occasion, there appears to be little hope for the future. To come at once to the point—another series of performances under the same control and similar conditions may be put aside, as a dream of Utopia, very unlikely to be realised. Nevertheless, if it be written in the Book of Fate that the present season must inevitably be the last, the Society and its constant guides may console themselves with the strong conviction that they have accomplished a great work thoroughly, and from the very commencement to the infinite credit of all concerned. Fifty years ago they began to remind our musical public that Handel, who had been dead more than a quarter of a century, wrote many other things besides the *Messiah*, and other works more or less widely recognised; helped Spohr and Mendelssohn to obtain well-deserved popularity among us; and in other respects justified their claim to general acknowledgment. The jubilee of the Society—its "golden wedding" with that large number of our musical public to whom sacred compositions (as "high mountains" to Lord Byron) "are a feeling"—can only, then, be regarded as the climax to an undertaking—enthusiastically set on foot and enthusiastically carried out—by a body of amateurs whose exertions will surely be mentioned with due honour in future historical records of an art the high integrity of which, amid vicissitudes unnecessary to recount, they promoted and sustained for half a century. All honour to them! The next concert is announced for the 24th inst., on which occasion, besides Dr. Arthur Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch*, the programme includes a new "Te Deum" by Mr. W. G. Cousins (conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts), and Mendelssohn's magnificent setting of the 42nd Psalm. On this occasion—although, happily, Sir Michael Costa is sensibly recovering from the illness that so alarmed his many admirers among the public, and his many staunch friends following as professors, or loving as amateurs, the art towards the advancement of which he has rendered such eminent service—M. Sainton will again most probably be at the conductor's desk. It may be worth reminding our readers that Sir Michael was appointed conductor of the Sacred Harmonic Society's Concerts as far back as 1848, and that during that period he has directed all the Handel Festivals in the Crystal Palace from 1857 (the preliminary essay) to 1880, the last grand assemblage.

**POPULAR CONCERTS.**—The engagement of Madame Norman-Néruda, begun so recently and terminating so much sooner than anticipated, has in one sense been satisfactory, and in another unsatisfactory, to the constant patrons of Mr. Chappell's excellent concerts—satisfactory, because the highly-gifted violinist was never playing with more technical finish, or more admirable expression, than now; and unsatisfactory, because the curtain closes in so unexpectedly brief a time upon a delightful episode in the present season. Madame Néruda has played in *bona fide* "classical" pieces by various masters, besides solos fitted to show to advantage her technical mastery of the instrument upon which she shines as "a bright particular star." Nevertheless, it must suffice to speak of her last appearance. This was on Monday evening, when, just as though to make her early departure the more regrettable, she led, with incomparable grace and (pass the word) "finesse," Schubert's fascinating quartet in A minor (the "Styrian" quartet)—a composition into which she enters heart and soul, and which, it may be safely affirmed, she interprets with a perfection that may be accepted in the fullest significance of the word. In this quartet her associates were M.M. Ries, Straus, and Piatti, upon whom, the last-named especially, no comment is required. For her solo, the fair Moravian selected three numbers from a *suite* by Franz Ries (a nephew to Ferdinand Ries, Beethoven's one professional pupil, and a famous composer of his day), the worth of which was greatly exceeded by the style in which it was executed, although the movements—"Prelude," "Romance," and "Scherzo"—are by no means without a certain kind of merit. She also joined Mdle. Marie Krebs, always ready and intelligent,

in Beethoven's sonata for pianoforte and violin, "Op. 24" (F major), which is melody of the rarest kind from the opening to the concluding bars—a performance to be recorded, in unqualified terms, as on both sides admirable. At the same concert Mdle. Krebs played, to the loudly proclaimed satisfaction of all present, the famous *Chromatic Fantasia* of J. S. Bach, also joining Signor Piatti in a *Larghetto* and *Allegretto* by Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, which, it must be admitted, owed its chief success to the execution of the two artists—Signor Piatti's delivery of the theme of the opening movement being above praise. Mr. Oswald was the singer, introducing, among other pieces, the late Sterndale Bennett's beautiful setting of Burns's plaintive stanzas, "To Chloe in Sickness." Miss Emma Barnett has also made a successful appearance at these concerts, in one of the early sonatas of Beethoven (Op. 10—D major); Misses Spenser Jones and Carlotta Elliot enriching the catalogue of singers. Meanwhile, the arrival of Herr Joseph Joachim—among violinists still the emperor—is immediately expected, and (need it be said?) with pleasurable anticipations.

**MR. SIMS REEVES'S SECOND OPERATIC AND NATIONAL CONCERT.**—A large audience filled St. James's Hall on Tuesday last, when the great tenor gave "The grasping, rasping Norman race," from G. A. Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, and the ever fresh "Tom Bowling," being enthusiastically applauded after each song. Madame Lemmens-Sherington sang with all her accustomed finish in "Hail, happy Morn," "True Love," and "I've been Roaming;" while that rising young baritone, Mr. F. Barrington Foote, was heard to advantage in "The Monk within his Cell" and "Hope the Hermit." Miss Spenser Jones, who ought to take a high place among our ballad-singers, was fresh and unaffected in "The Banks of Allan Water;" and Miss Edith Santley, Mr. Pyatt, and the Anemoic Union all contributed to an excellent programme.

**LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.**—Several new songs were introduced in Wednesday evening's programme, viz., "Sunshine and Rain," by Blumenthal; "Good Night," by Hugh Clendon; "My Darling of Old," by Louis Diehl; "Once, and Once Only," by A. H. Behrend; "Leaving Yet Loving," by Marzials, and "In a Quiet Old Village," by A. S. Gatty. These were respectively sung by Madame Sterling, Miss Mary Davies, Mr. Frank Boyle, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Barrington Foote, and Miss De Fonblanque. Each of them was favourably received, and an encore demanded.

**WAIFS.**—The revival at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, of Schumann's Opera, *Genoveva*, seems to have attracted very considerable interest, notwithstanding the oracular condemnation of its unlucky composer, published by the official journal at Bayreuth. *Genoveva*, in fact, to which Schumann himself attached so much importance, is pronounced a real success.—A German version of *Patience* has been produced at Philadelphia. What next for popularity?—The Scottish vocalists, the Kennedy Family, have started on another round-the-world expedition, beginning with concerts in New York.—On the 29th ult. a fire broke out in the Teatro San Giovanni, Parma, but the performers were "Marionettes," of whom only a few perished in the flames, without results greatly to be deplored.—It is reported that Miss Minnie Hauk is about to organise an operatic touring company for next winter in the United States.—Madame Adelina Patti returns to Europe in May.

### JUDGES' CHAMBERS

THE popular notion of Judges' Chambers is probably of an ante-room where their lordships are able to adjust their wigs and arrange bands and gowns before coming into Court—or of a comfortable little parlour, whither, on adjourning at mid-day, they retire to refresh the judicial frame with a plentiful luncheon provided at the country's expense. And many people would be greatly surprised if, after being led through the long corridors of the new Royal Courts of Justice, they at last joined the crowd waiting for admission to Judges' Chambers, and found out the real nature of the business that is daily being transacted there.

The fact of the case is that some of the hardest part of a Judge's work is that transacted by him when sitting in Chambers. Take the Common Law Division for example. Formerly Judges' Chambers were in a building in Serjeants' Inn, behind Chancery Lane, and scenes of almost bear-garden confusion used every day to be witnessed there. There was no list of summonses, and a noisy crowd of barristers and solicitors used to wait in the dingy ante-room and struggle at the Judge's door for precedence. Now this is all changed, and a list of applications being made out every day, each man knows his own turn. At the Royal Courts there is now a lofty and commodious entrance hall, on one side of which is a broad archway where, at a gate is a low oaken railing partitioning it off, stands a stalwart official to admit applicants in their turn.

"What's your number, sir?" says the warder of the gate. "Twenty-two," is the answer. "His lordship's at seventeen; walk in," and solicitor and client pass the gate, probably to find the barrister engaged in the case waiting for them in the barristers' room inside. This room, though decked out in rather a garish style of architecture, is a large and very convenient place for passing the time during the long waits before the Judge's arrival—their lordships are not always punctual—and while lengthy cases that block the way are being disposed of.

Not only the parties engaged in the case that is being actually discussed, but also those engaged in the two or three succeeding ones, are also admitted to the Judge's room, so that by this means delay is avoided. You pass into the room, and the first thing that strikes you is the complete informality that marks the proceedings. The room is well-lighted, no larger than an ordinary drawing-room, and the principal piece of furniture is a partition extending its whole length, behind which sits the Judge, and at some distance from him the clerk in attendance. The partition is not a high one, and at this, like a row of schoolboys, the applicants stand, and, in rather noisy schoolboy fashion also, points are discussed, and papers pushed down by them before his lordship placidly sitting below.

Certainly there is very little ceremony here. For one thing, wigs and gowns are not worn, and no one attending Chambers can fail to admit the wisdom of retaining these in Court. The Judge, who on the Bench looked the very personification of dignity and omniscience, here appears a usually grey-haired or bald-headed and bespectacled old gentleman, so utterly insignificant and ordinary-looking that he might be mistaken for a retired banker or prosperous linendraper. Counsel, too, are woefully shorn of their glory when appearing in Chambers, and though possibly the usher if he were transplanted from Court might still retain his well-known airs of importance, there is no one here to demand "Silence in Court," and there is no single person present to whom the old question might fairly be put, "Pray, sir, are you anybody?"

There is also a singular *laissez aller* about the way in which cases are disposed of. The learned counsel for the plaintiff may find himself side by side with the office boy of the solicitor for the defendant, and he may be sure of this, that the said office boy will interrupt and contradict him, and interrupt and contradict the Judge, in a manner clearly proving that for once he is determined to have an innings of his own—and he usually gets it, though whether this be for the client's advantage or not may not be so clear. The Judge never troubles himself with more of the law or the facts of a case than he can possibly help, and while opposing advocates are wrangling over their points in front of him he is generally quietly glancing through the papers and making up his mind from them with scant attention to the contending lawyers. Then he takes his pen, writes rapidly a few words upon the summons, and the matter is at an end.

There is always one unvarying *finale*,—"Your lordship will give me my costs?" And thereupon another wrangle commences, quickly cut short by a word or two written on the summons, and the next case is being gone into.

If the summons is unattended by counsel, there is even more squabbling, and a free use of noisy interjections. No special observance is paid to the rule of one man speaking at once, papers are flourished wildly, and there seems to be a general impression that persistence and pugnacity are the best means of forcing a favourable decision. Very quietly the Judge sits through it all, or he has made up his mind, and then with a curt dismissal he has often, like the ancient Gallio, figuratively speaking, to drive the still disputing litigants from his judgment seat. The business transacted in Chambers is of the most miscellaneous character, and in nearly every action a very large proportion of the work has been already disposed of there, before the case is finally brought into Court. The young barrister finds his carefully drawn statement of claim objected to as "prolix, embarrassing, and pleading evidence," and the Judge decides in Chambers whether it shall, in whole or part, be struck out. The sufficiency of replies to interrogatories, a very important part of many actions, is there discussed; questions arising on the taxation of costs are taken on appeal from the Masters, and numberless points of practise, the mechanical parts of an action, by being settled in Chambers are saved from wearisome discussion in open Court.

In the Chancery Division the proceedings are of a more orderly character. Each Judge, with the exception of the junior, now Mr. Justice Kay, has Chambers of his own in which matters arising out of actions specially assigned to him are disposed of. There the Judge is seated at a table, at the other side of which the counsel as they enter also take their seats, and the whole affair has more of the nature of an amicable conference; there is more time for, and more attention is paid, to each case than in the other Division, but the points settled there are, of course, of a very similar description.

On the whole, little known as it is to the public, utterly without parade and show, without reports of the proceedings in newspapers, and generally concerned with only matters of the dullest and driest routine imaginable, the institution of Judge's Chambers is undoubtedly one of the most useful and valuable now existing for promoting the expeditious and equitable administration of the law. Many a time a judicious hint dropped by a Judge in Chambers has saved the further progress of an action that if carried on would have been ruinous to all concerned, and has brought about an immediate satisfactory settlement—parties have been enabled by decisions in Chambers to see clearly what the future conduct of their case must be, and whether or not it would be worth while to continue it—by means of decisions given there, excrescences in the shape of extraneous issues are constantly being pruned away, and the points to be eventually disposed of more clearly defined than if, without the intervention of this intermediate tribunal all matters, great and small, of detail as well as of principle, were of necessity in every instance to be taken in the slow order of the official lists before the judges sitting in open Court, and argued there with all the formality and tediousness which, somehow or other, the consciousness of a public audience nearly always induces in an advocate.

J. J. B.

**THE ROMANCE OF WOOD ENGRAVING.**—Like printing, the infancy of wood-engraving is shrouded in well nigh unfathomable mystery. The first wood-cut now known to the world appeared about 1423, and nobody has the slightest idea who cut the block. The only existing impression was found pasted on the inside of the cover of a manuscript in the library of a Suabian convent, and is now in Earl Spencer's famous collection. But, according to Papillon, a French wood-engraver, and writer on the subject, there were some blocks even older than this. They were cut, so his account runs, by two twins, Alexandro Alberic Cunio and Isabella Cunio. The maiden is described as being surprisingly beautiful, talented, and accomplished; at thirteen she understood Latin and geometry, wrote excellent verse, played upon several instruments, and had begun to design and paint with delicacy and taste; whilst her brother, the chivalric Alberic, was of quite ravishing beauty, and one of the most charming youths in fourteenth-century Italy. At fourteen he commanded a squadron of horse in the wars, and displayed extraordinary valour. After distinguishing himself by defeating two hundred of the foe, he returned to his amiable sister, and in conjunction with her designed and executed eight wonderful wood-blocks illustrating the progress of Alexander. On the completion of this remarkable series, he once more ventured on the field of battle, being accompanied by the passionate lover of his beautiful sister. This brave action, however, proved fatal, for he was killed, and his friend dangerously wounded whilst defending him in the midst of the enemy. This so affected the twin sister that she resolved never to marry, and, pining away in the approved style of mediæval romance, died at the interesting age of twenty. This is a pretty and effective story. The only fault about it is that it isn't true. Papillon, the author of it, had an exuberant imagination, and latter-day authorities ascribe it to that peculiarity rather than to sober history. At all events there has been a nice little squabble about it between various writers on the art of wood engraving; and as nobody but Papillon ever saw the pictures, nor ever heard of them until he published his "Traité de la Gravure," and as his proofs are of the most shadowy kind, it is generally believed in these dull days that the whole story is a romantic myth of the Middle Ages.

### ONLY STORIED MEMORY

WHEN I think of yesterday,  
Oh in what a faint degree  
Pleasures play: they fly away,  
Phantom'd in an ecstasy;  
They are not the joys I knew,  
Only storied memory.

When I muse on times we've met,  
I the meeting moment see,  
Ah!—and yet, the vain regret,  
Though I feel myself with thee  
It is not the maid I knew,  
Only storied memory.

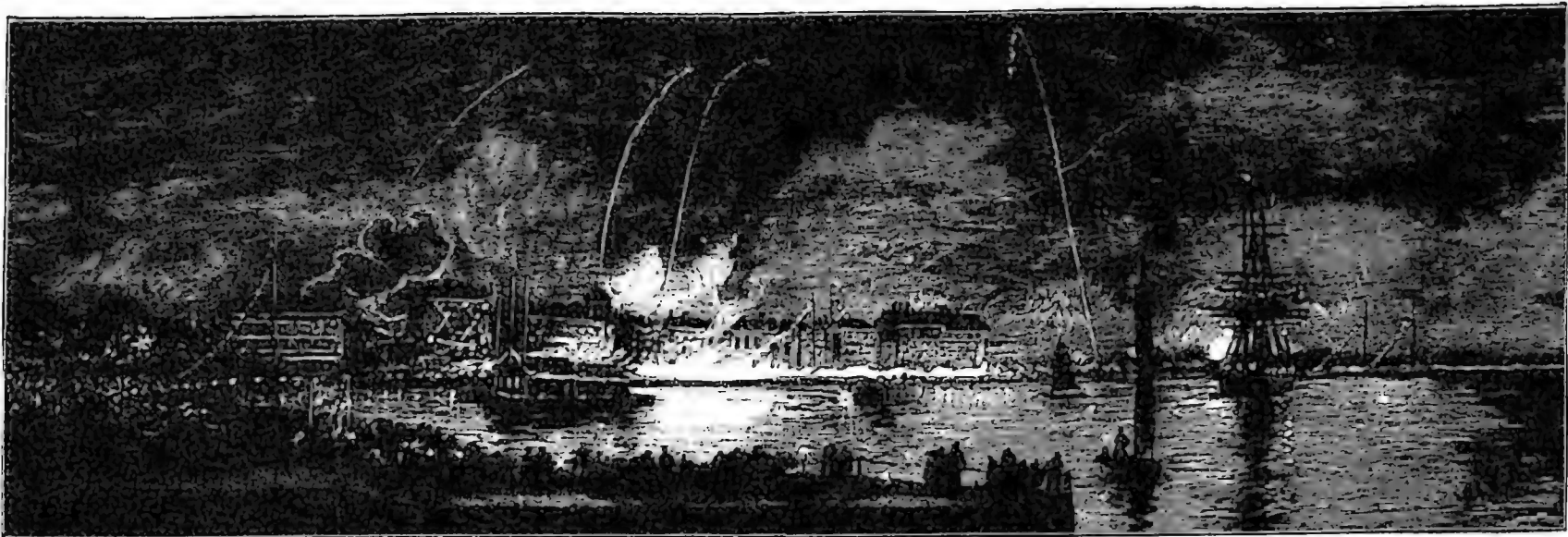
When I beckon back my youth,  
Manhood greets it merrily,  
Youth forsooth! alas, the truth,  
I am lost in reverie;  
He is not the youth I knew,  
Only storied memory.

When in me traditions mild  
Leap the youth of reverie,  
Heart-beguiled, I feel a child  
Trick me oh so cleverly;  
Yet 'tis not a child I knew,  
Hardly even memory.

Moments come, but epochs go,  
Memory is their history,  
So I'll live them as I know  
I can read them pleasantly.—  
Memory, be to what I knew,  
What I am to memory.

WILLIAM TIREBUCK

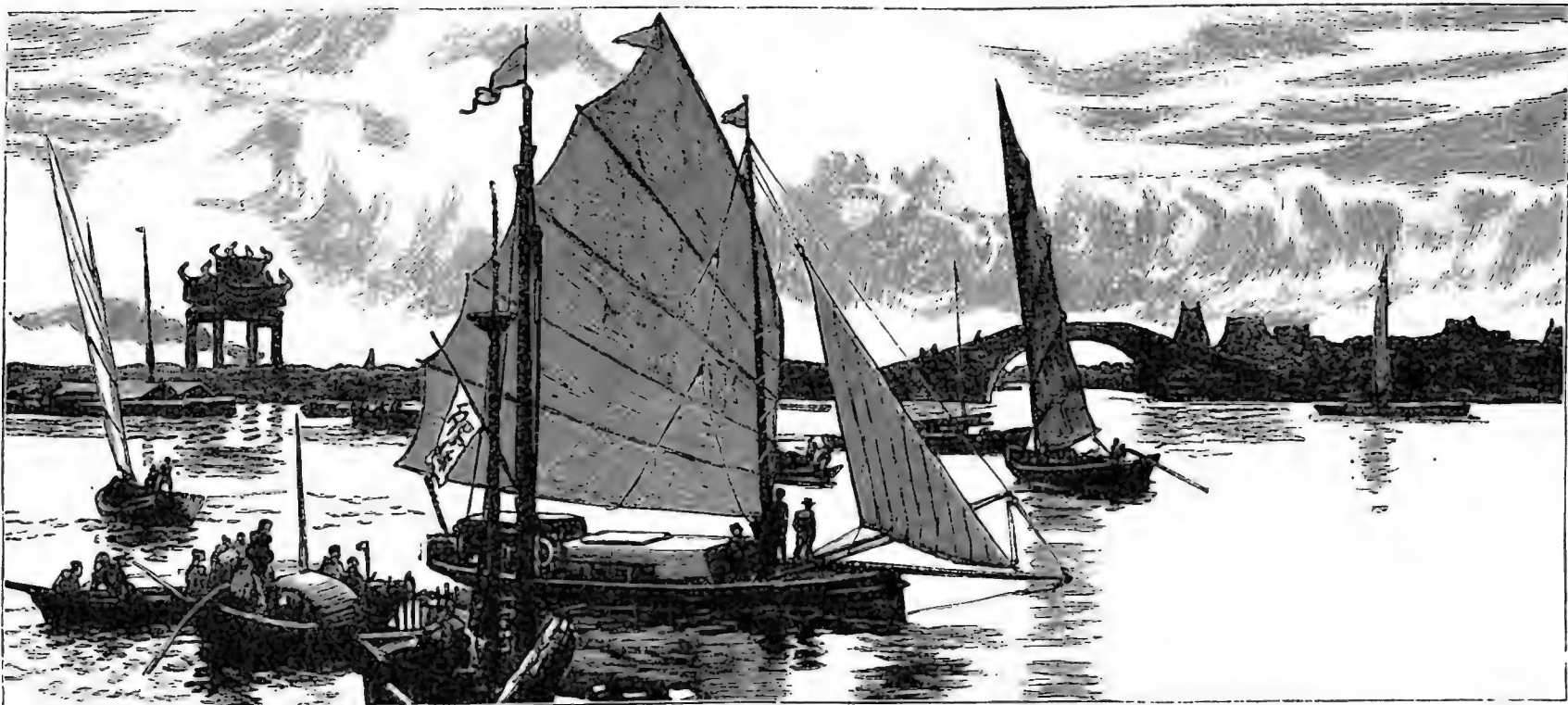




ILLUMINATIONS AND PARADE OF THE FIRE-BRIGADE



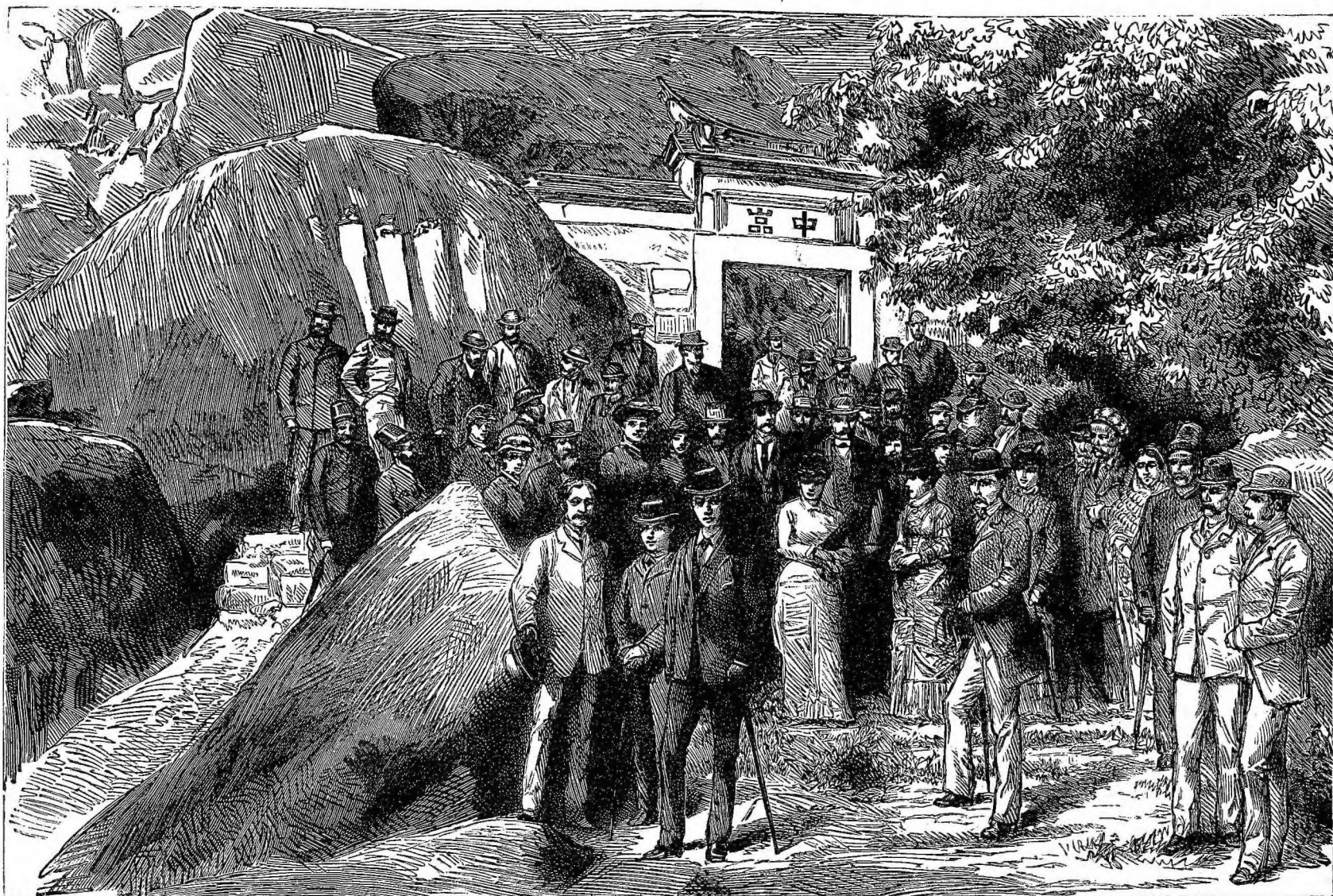
A DRAG-HUNT IN THE RAIN—THE START



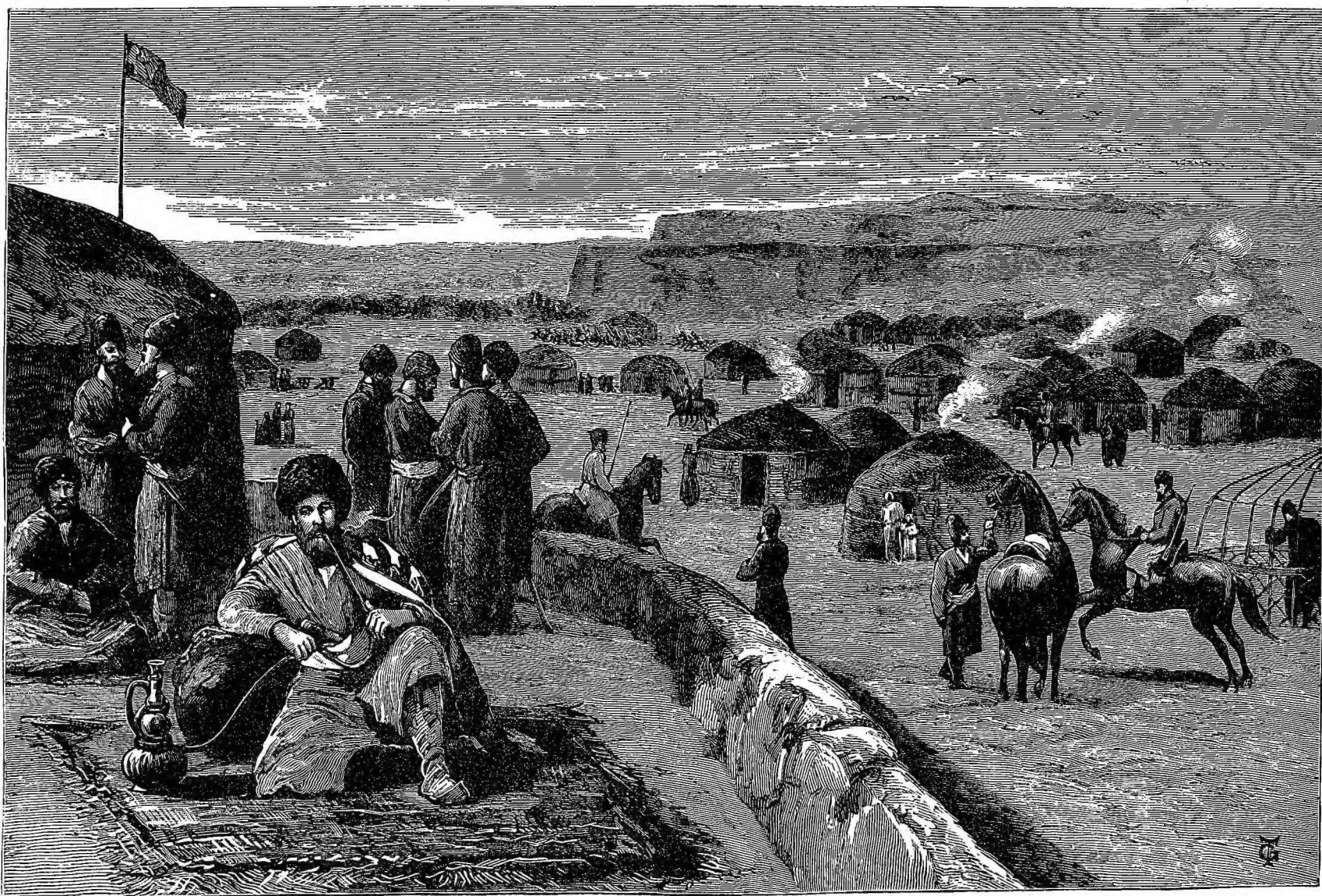
THE "ARIADNE" (THE PRINCES' SHOOTING BOAT) AT KAS-HING

THE YOUNG PRINCES ON THEIR CRUISE—SHANGHAI





THE YOUNG PRINCES ON THEIR CRUISE—A PICNIC AT "THE TEMPLE OF TEN THOUSAND ROCKS" ON AMOY ISLAND



MR. O'DONOVAN'S JOURNEY THROUGH CENTRAL ASIA—THE FORTRESS OF MERV





**THE SEASON.**—Hop digging has commenced in the Kent and Sussex plantations, the weather being suitable, but in many gardens, the soil is too close and wet for the hands to make good progress. Although rain fell on but nine days in January, and the month was certainly reckoned a very dry one by the general observer, yet it appears from rain gauges that over two inches of rain were recorded in most parts of England. The present aspect of the autumn-sown wheat fields is highly satisfactory, the plant being strong and of good colour, yet not excessively forward, nor "winter proud." The wireworm has not done any material damage, and the field-mice pest, of which French farmers complain so loudly, is no serious matter in England. Rye, tares, and young seeds look promising. The sowing of barley continues, and ploughing is active. Store sheep are doing well. The winter has been a most merciful one for the agricultural labourers, who have not been out of work since harvest in any county south of the Humber. In the North somewhat harder weather has naturally been experienced, but it is only within the last few days that we have heard of any depth of snow on the Cumbrian and Yorkshire wolds. Candlemas Day in all parts of England was dull but fair, so that the old prophecy becomes somewhat uncertain. After all, the old Candlemas Day will not be till Tuesday next, and the tradition dates from long before the New Style Calendar.

**FARM PROSPECTS,** says an Essex correspondent, are not to be regarded as entirely favourable, merely because to-day there are two months of winter behind us, and those two months have been mild. "We cannot blind our eyes to the fact that the soil is wanting in fertility, from various causes, such as less frequent ploughings, weeds suffered to get more numerous, and more especially a diminished head of stock fed less expensively; and therefore nothing but time, coupled with renewed supplies of capital, the loss of which is daily becoming more evident, can bring back prosperity."

**AGRICULTURAL RENTS.**—Sir Frederic Graham, of Netherby, has recently addressed his tenants, when he said, "The total increase of rent upon my estate during the last fifty years does not exceed 3½ per cent. on the outlay made on buildings, draining, fencing, and other permanent improvements." In spite of this Sir Frederic felt constrained by undoubted evidence of agricultural depression to remit ten per cent. of his rents.

**ANCIENT RIGHTS.**—A meeting of landowners in the Duchy of Lancaster was recently held at Gloucester to uphold ancient rights with reference to Hereford Cattle Market. This seems a strange medley of county interests. It appears that many parts of Gloucestershire are within the "Duchy of Lancaster," and that Hereford is the great local cattle-market. Now inhabitants of the Duchy have enjoyed under a mediæval charter the right of exemption from tolls at markets, in despite of which tolls are charged at Hereford. There appears at present to be every prospect of one of those antiquated law cases which now and then interest the profession and puzzle the general public.

**SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE.**—Mr. J. Buckmaster gave an address on the "Science and Practice of Farming" at Great Missenden last week. In the course of his remarks Mr. Buckmaster said agriculture in the future must grow more and more businesslike and scientific. The great problem whether England could produce food more cheaply than other countries could only be solved by more knowledge; cheap meat and cheap wheat were not absolutely inconsistent with the prosperity of agriculture.

**FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE** has been stamped out at Uckfield, where it was lately prevalent. On the other hand there has been an outbreak on the Duke of Cleveland's farm, near Battle. The spread of this disease in Cumberland is rather serious, and the value of stock has been not a little depreciated. In Huntingdonshire, on the other hand, where there was recently a bad outbreak, there is now no disease, and in Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Kent the number of animals affected is less than a week ago.

**SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, M.P. ON AGRICULTURE.**—Speaking at Cirencester the other day, Sir M. Hicks-Beach said he had always felt it a deficiency in the Agricultural Holdings Act, which would some day have to be remedied, that made it possible for the landlord to agree with the tenant that no compensation should be given, and he was perfectly willing to support any legislation which would so far take away liberty of contract between landlord and tenant. But he thought it was essential for the interests of both landlord and tenant, and for the prosperity of agriculture, that the mode in which the compensation should be given should be as far as possible free and unfettered by the law. An universal scheme of compensation would be impossible.

**SOUTH COUNTRY AGRICULTURE.**—We are glad to learn that the Duke of Norfolk will preside at the Royal Counties Agricultural Show at Brighton next June. Arrangements are already making good progress, and the use of Mr. Benett-Stanford's park will probably be obtained. The prizes for Sussex stock are likely to be unusually liberal, a sum of 30/ (divided into three prizes) being offered in each of eight classes for cattle, and a sum of 18/ in each of six classes for sheep.

**HEMPSTEAD** is a parish near Saffron Walden, in Essex, and has rejoiced in a fine old church, the lofty western tower of which, with its massive buttresses, has been a prominent and interesting feature of the place. Two weeks ago the tower began to slip, and very gradually subsided. There was little noise, yet the whole tower came down, bringing with it about half the roof and one arch of the south wall of the nave, and letting down also a good part of the roof of the south aisle. We hope that drawings exist of the tower and that restoration will be undertaken by a reverent hand.



**MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.**—Piquante and quaint is "Bridget's Reply," written and composed by Herbert and Ethel Harraden; it affords an excellent moral for quarrelsome lovers. Thoroughly well-intentioned and suitable for the object intended is "The Red Ribbon Army," a Temperance song and chorus, written by Frederick Sessions, composed by Rebecca Bowly. Both the music and frontispiece of "The Sunflower Dance," by "Clytie," are showy, although there is not much originality in either.—Three useful pianoforte pieces for the schoolroom are "The Vicar of Bray" and Handel's "Verdi Prati," transcribed by F. Lemoine; and "Un Souvenir de Beethoven," arranged by W. Smallwood.

**MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.**—Of moderate compass, with pleasing words and melodies, are "The Border Maiden," written and composed by John W. Fraser and E. Berger; and "The Heather Bloom," by R. Teape.—A tuneful and original Schottische, which will deservedly become first favourite this winter, is "Sunny Hours," by G. B. Dobson; we shall often find ourselves unconsciously humming it.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—No. 8 of a set of twelve motets, by Thomas S. Smith. "Alma Redemptoris," for tenor, solo, and chorus, is the best of the series. A first-class choir would find this work highly effective, more especially if the solo were entrusted to so clever an artist as Edward Lloyd (Messrs. Burns and Oates).—"My Castle in Spain," words and music by Laura A. Smith, is a melodious and pleasing song for a tenor who not only has a good voice but can sing with expression.—By the same composer is a graceful romance for the pianoforte, entitled "Edelweiss" (John Hare, Newcastle-upon-Tyne).—Just now tetotalism is rather to the fore, hence "A Gude Cup of Tea," written and composed by Mrs. Alexander Roberts and T. S. Gleadhill, will secure a ready encore at a coffee-palace concert, more especially as it has a lively chorus to it (Messrs. Patey and Willis).—A marked contrast to the above is "Sae Will We Yet," a jovial song in praise of the wine cup, the concluding verse of which will greatly shock total abstinents; the racy words are by Walter Watson, the music arranged by George Croat.—"Promenade," a *marche de salon* for the piano, by Francis Beaumont, is spirited, and the time is well marked. The same may be said of "The Rosebery Polka" (Messrs. Paterson and Sons, Edinburgh).—"The Westminster Chimes" have formed the basis for a Grand Prelude and Fugue in C for the organ, by J. C. Ward. This brilliant and showy piece is suitable for a concert at any of our large halls where the organ and organist are well up to the mark (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—A motto song, written and composed by "Nemo" and Henry Pontet, entitled "Silver and Gold," is just the thing for a penny reading (Messrs. S. Brewer and Co.).—Two really funny songs by Messrs. J. Cooke, jun. and Vincent Davies, are "What a Wonderful Difference it Makes" (H. Beresford, Birmingham), and "The Model Little Boy" (Messrs. Hopwood and Crew).—"Menuet and Trio" for the pianoforte, by C. A. Ranken, are but mediocre specimens of their kind (Lamborn Cock); whilst of a "Daydream," a melody for the clarinet, with pianoforte accompaniment by the above composer, precisely the reverse may be said (Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.).



**THE BRADFORD FENIAN.**—John Tobin was tried at Leeds on Tuesday for "conspiring with other persons to depose the Queen and subvert the constitution." The case for the prosecution was that he was an active member, and probably the foremost leader, of a society whose object was to dethrone Her Majesty in the Irish portion of her dominions; but his counsel argued that he had been the dupe of other Irishmen, who, when they found the police watching them, arranged matters so that he should be made the scapegoat. The sentence imposed by Mr. Justice Cave was one of seven years' penal servitude.

**THE ENCLOSURE OF WASTE LANDS.**—On Monday Vice-Chancellor Hall gave judgment in the action brought by Messrs. Nicholls and Harwood on behalf of the freehold tenants of Bedham, Sussex, against Mr. Mitford, the lord of the manor. His lordship decided in favour of the plaintiffs, being of opinion that the statute of 29 Geo. II., cap. 36, only applied to an agreement entered into by owners of common of pasture and not to an agreement by owners of bushes and underwood. The agreement of 1769 had probably been entered into under a mistaken view of the operation of the Act. The majority of the commoners could not bind the minority, and it could not be assumed that the commoners who executed the agreement were owners in fee.

**AN INSANE ICONOCLAST.**—On Monday evening a good deal of excitement was caused in St. Paul's Churchyard by the extraordinary conduct of a madman, who climbed the railings surrounding the statue of Queen Anne, and set vigorously to work with an axe and a hammer, chopping and breaking off portions of the statue. He was arrested, and, medical proof of his insanity having been given, he has been sent to a lunatic asylum by Alderman Sir T. Owden, who complimented Mr. Blowey, the gentleman who had assisted in his capture, on the courage he had displayed.

**BREACH OF PROMISE ACTIONS** generally afford considerable amusement to those not immediately concerned in their results. The other day, at Liverpool, a lady who had been jilted by a swain, who "appeared to have plenty of money, and did not do any work," has obtained a verdict (but only for 100/.) against him for having broken faith with her on the sole ground that another lady had threatened him with a breach of promise action if he failed to marry her.

**STREET BEGGING** in the metropolis is increasing to an alarming extent—at least, such is the opinion of the Council of the Charity Organisation Society, who, unable to reconcile the fact with the known mildness of the season and the general reports of the revival of trade, have referred the matter to their Administrative Committee. It is said that Colonel Henderson is reluctant to employ plain clothes constables for the detection of professional beggars, because some magistrates have objected to the practice.

**THE HORNSEY RAILWAY COLLISION.**—On Monday an inquest was held on the body of Mrs. Chowles, aged sixty, one of the persons who were injured in the recent railway collision at Hornsey. Dr. Thomas, the coroner, suggested that as one verdict had already been recorded, and as it was not desirable or usual to have a conflict of opinion amongst juries, the present jury would have little to do, and although one of the jury protested that without full evidence the inquiry would be altogether a farce, he refused to allow the solicitor who appeared for the relatives of the deceased to cross-examine the witnesses. It was shown that the injuries had necessitated amputation, which had been followed by death, and the verdict ultimately given was "Died from injuries received in the collision."

**MANSLAUGHTER BY POISON.**—The verdict given by the Sheffield jury in the case of Felicia Dover is remarkable as being the first case on record in which the intentional administration of poison has been pronounced to be anything less than wilful murder. The explanation is that the jury adopted the theory set up by the defence that the prisoner, being jealous of Mr. Skinner's former housekeeper, put the arsenic amongst the vegetables which that person had sent as a present, with the view of making him believe that she had attempted their lives, and not with the intention of killing him. Mr. Justice Cave, in passing sentence of penal servitude for life, remarked that the circumstances of the offence were so grave and so atrocious as to be separated by a very thin line from the crime of murder. The prisoner, who had exhibited much emotion during the progress of the trial, fainted on hearing the sentence, and had to be carried out of Court.

**FALSE CONFESSIONS,** which are so frequently made by drunken or stupid men, should, we think, be made punishable with imprisonment for a month or two, without option of fine. At Stockport last week a young man surrendered to the police, alleging that he had been concerned in the murder of Lieutenant Roper at Chatham, and in the Post Office robbery at Ilton Garden. When taken before the magistrates he appeared quite sane, and said he did not remember making the confession, which he thought must have resulted from reading about the crimes, and his despondency from want of employment. He was liberated with a caution, having only been detained two days.

**ORANGE BITTERS** is an excisable liquor, and publicans will do well to note that two of their fraternity have each been fined 21/ 10s. for selling it without a licence. Another person in the same line of business has had to pay 50/ for putting sugar in his beer.

**A DEAR KISS.**—On Friday last Sir Sydney Waterlow passed the severe sentence of seven days' hard labour upon a man named Perry for kissing a lady at a railway station, although he pleaded that he had mistaken her for an acquaintance, and had apologised immediately on discovering his mistake.

**MESSRS. CLOWES AND JOHNSON,** the farmers who were unjustly convicted, will have to be content with the 500/ each which the Government has offered them, Sir William Harcourt having formally declined to increase the compensation.

**A GANG OF COINERS,** four in number, one of whom is said to be the maker of counterfeit money "for all England," has been captured at Wandsworth, the police seizing the whole of the moulds and apparatus, and a large quantity of newly-manufactured bad money.

**ST. VALENTINE'S DAY** is rapidly approaching, and we are receiving the usual packets of "love's missives" from the various publishers. First in the field were Messrs. S. Hildesheimer and Co., who forward some very pretty samples, ranging from the highly-artistic bunch of flowers beautifully printed on satin to the humorous card, which informs the recipient that the sender will not have him for her mate. There are some pretty designs of little boys sporting in a huge shell, of "love-sick maidens," aesthetically clad, sauntering in the moonlight, and of pensive but "every-day young girls" lounging in the sunshine. Messrs. Hildesheimer also send some very pretty samples of cards for birthdays and Eastertide. Some of the last-named specimens are exceedingly handsome. Some novel "ivory" birthday cards have also been sent to us by Mr. Albert H. Wilson, of Lambeth. These are formed of a substance resembling ivory, and are ornamented with very gracefully designed Swiss and Rhine views, photographed by Mr. England. Many of the views are excellent miniature representations of the most picturesque features of a Swiss tour. To come back to Valentines, Mr. Alfred Gray sends us a selection of "Ye Patience and Too-Too Valentines"—humorous pen-and-ink sketches taking off the æsthetic mania of the day. One, executed in colours on ivory and tastefully framed in gray paper, is forwarded as a specimen of valentines painted by ladies at their own homes—an industry which deserves to be encouraged. Mr. Eugene Rimmel sends us a good selection of æsthetic and mediæval Valentines, together with some handsome and useful objects, which to some practical people take the place of the usual compound of paper and satin. Amongst them are a gracefully painted fan, a handsome scent-sachet, and a gorgeous handkerchief satchel, fit for a wedding present.

**ART EXHIBITIONS IN PARIS** are becoming so numerous that a well-known Parisian critic declares that the city will shortly be christened "Picturopolis" or "Palettopolis." One of the most important collections just opened is the "Petit Salon des Mirlitons," which is annually regarded as a foreshadowing of the regular Salon, all the leading French painters being represented. Thus M. Meissonnier contributes the gem of the exhibition, a finely executed portrait of M. Victor Lefranc, M. Carolus Duran also has two feminine portraits, M. Gérôme sends a curious picture, "A Gossip Round the Stove," M. Gustave Doré—who, by the bye, is going to execute a statue of Alexandre Dumas for the Place Malesherbes—exhibits landscapes and a quaint bronze group representing a knight of ancient days playing leap frog over the back of a monk, and a decidedly "impressionist" landscape on the border of the Thames is shown by M. Bastien-Lepage. Most of these artists exhibit at the collection in the Club-house of the Rue Volney, which is larger but less interesting. MM. Carolus Duran and Bonnat are as usual strong in portraiture, M. Baudry adopting the same line, while M. Bastien-Lepage contributes an interesting study of a street Arab, and M. Jenner furnishes one of his favourite devotional subjects, "Prayer." When this latter display closes, an exhibition of oil and water-colour paintings will be held by French lady artists, including Mlle. Rosa Bonheur. While contributing to these collections, Paris artists are still busy working for the Salon, where M. Gervex, one of the most promising of young French painters, will send a characteristic study of Parisian life, unloading a coal barge on one of the quays, and M. Carolus Duran a "Christ after the Descent from the Cross." The Committee of ninety artists charged with the organisation of the Salon have decided that the newly-formed "Society of French Artists" shall not be limited in numbers like the English Academy, but shall be open to all who have exhibited at one Salon. One more Art item—the bust of Victor Hugo is being executed by one of his friends, M. Vilain. Much against his will, the poet has consented to be represented with the laurel crown, as in his youthful bust by Daniel d'Angers.

**BOOKS OF REFERENCE.**—It is almost superfluous to say a word of praise concerning Sir Bernard Burke's "Peerage," of which the forty-fourth edition (Harrison, 59, Pall Mall) is now before us. Other works may afford equal information concerning living personages, but if we want to trace the past history of a noble family we always fly to Burke, and always find what we want.—In the presence of Burke, we wonder how another Peerage can possibly be needed, yet Mr. Joseph Foster's "Peerage" (Nichols and Sons, Parliament Street) seems to have taken firm root, being now in its third edition. We have before had occasion to praise the boldness and spirit of the heraldic devices in this work, while the genealogies are given with faithfulness, though with comparative brevity.—Dod's "Peerage" (Whittaker), now in its forty-second year, is by comparison a pocket volume, and of course deals almost entirely with living holders of honours.—Mr. H. C. Burdett's "Official Intelligence for 1882" (Cochman and Co., Throgmorton Street), published under the sanction of the Committee of the Stock Exchange, contains a vast amount of well-digested information concerning the various securities, Home, Colonial, and Foreign, which are dealt in on the chief exchanges—a valuable book for those lucky people who have money to invest.—Thom's "Official Directory" (A. Thom and Co., Dublin) used to treat of Ireland only, but now furnishes all sorts of statistics pertaining to the United Kingdom generally. Regarding the fulness and accuracy of the work, one wonders how it was accomplished last year when there scarcely seemed to be a quiet corner in that turbulent Green Island.—Webster's "Royal Red Book" (published at 60, Piccadilly) is an old and familiar friend. It, or one of its congeners, is indispensable to all those persons who have a large circle of friends, and who dine out, leave cards, &c.—Our well-tried acquaintance, "The Clergy Directory" (T. Bosworth, 66, Great Russell Street) is as full, accurate, and complete as of yore. This year it supplies a fresh test for ascertaining the shade of a clergyman's theology by the three documents, known respectively as Archdeacon Denison's Appeal, and the Memorial and Counter-Memorial to the Archbishop of Canterbury.—"Who's Who?" now in its thirty-fourth year (A. H. Baily and Co.), is delightfully compact—really a pocket volume, and it gives everybody's age, which alone serves to make it popular.—"The Musical Directory" (Rudall, Carte, and Co.) is a well-known and thoroughly business-like production, containing as it does a complete list of musical professors, teachers, instrument makers, &c., in town and country, beside a full catalogue of recent musical works.—For charitably-disposed ladies the "Englishwoman's Year Book" (Hatchards) is a most useful manual, containing as it does descriptions of the various kinds of employment open to women, and a directory to all institutions existing for the benefit of women and children. It is edited by Louisa Hubbard.



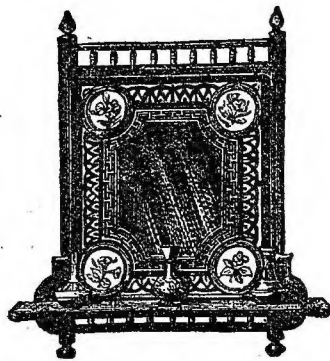
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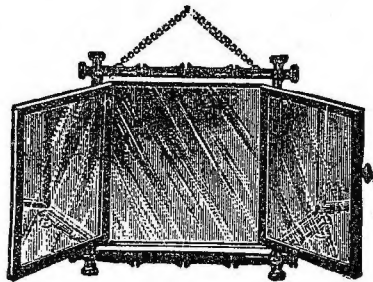
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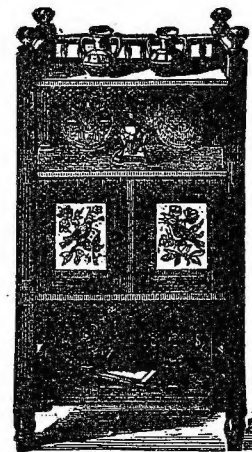
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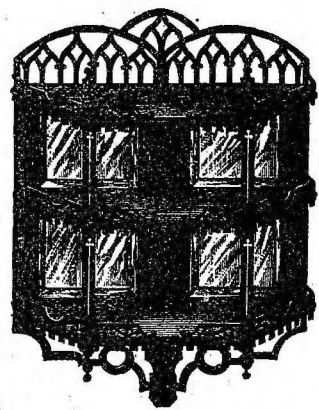
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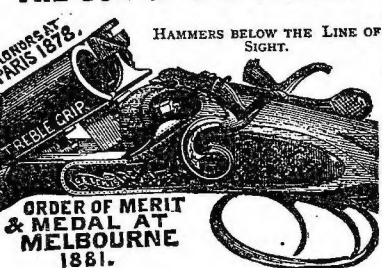
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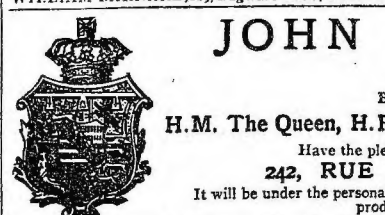
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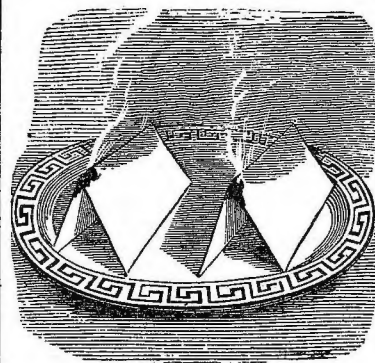
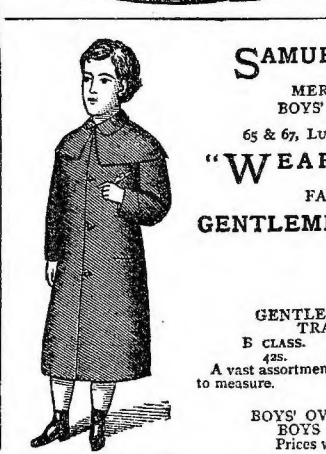
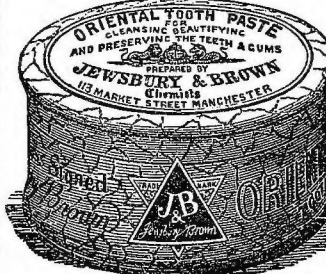
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